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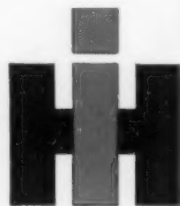
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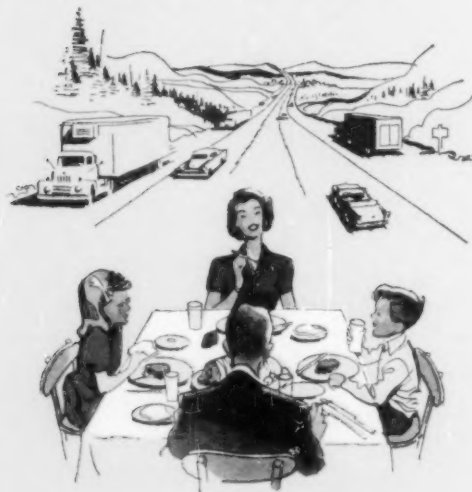
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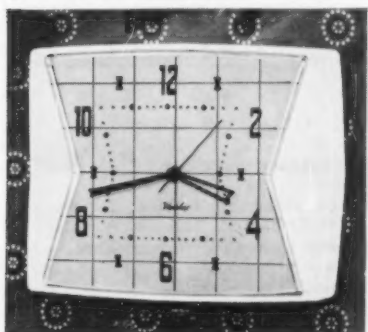
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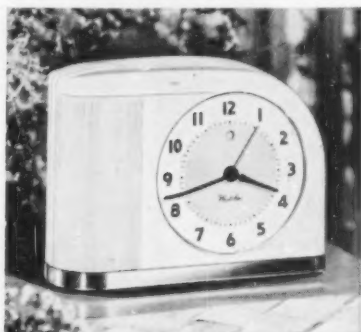
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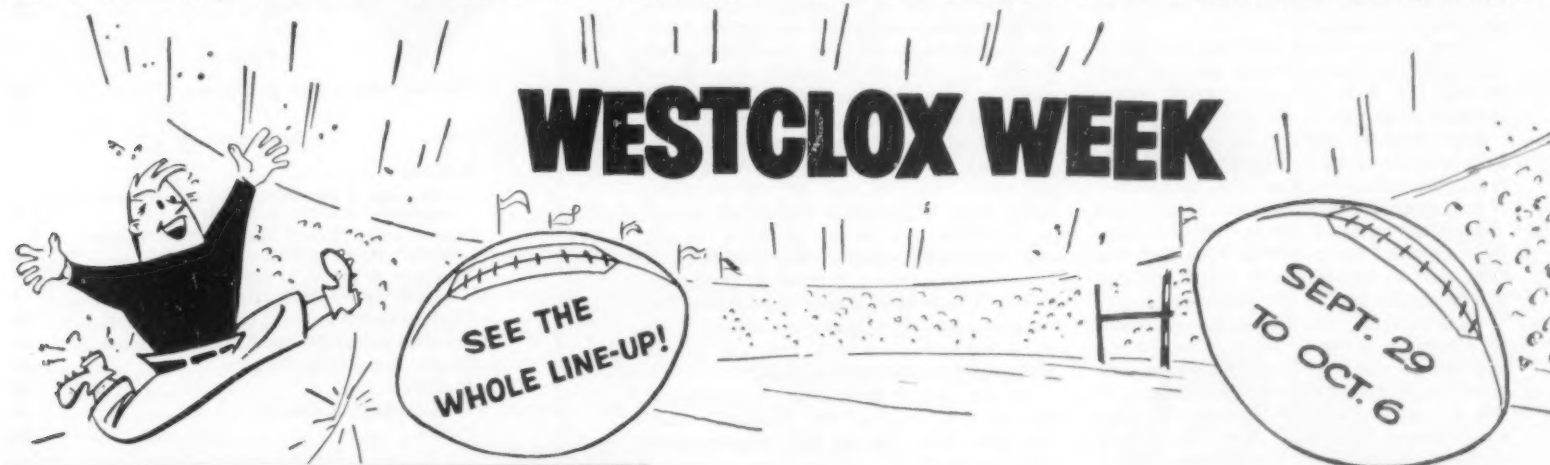


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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 29, 1956

VOLUME 69

NUMBER 20

Editorial

Let's dig up those Reds, Dr. McCann, but don't muzzle the CBC

The session of parliament recently completed has provoked so much naked aggression and public outcry that it's a sore temptation to let it pass quietly into the history books and get on with new business. But we cannot do this without a final comment on the disturbing exchange between Revenue Minister McCann and Solon Low, leader of the Social Credit party.

Mr. Low referred to a radio-play broadcast on the CBC, called it a "Communist drama" and went on to charge that Communists had infiltrated the corporation.

Dr. McCann apologized for the play, said that he regretted its production and went on to say that he, as the responsible government officer, would be "on guard to see that such a thing does not recur again."

Then he added: "Apparently there are Communists everywhere and they infiltrate into organizations of government as well as into places of industry."

There was so much that was fatuous in this exchange—and so much that was dangerous—that it is difficult to know where to begin comment.

First, there was the very clear implication by a Minister of the Crown that the government proposes to interfere with, to censor—nay, to direct the programs broadcast on the national networks. If this is true (and, happily, we don't quite believe it is) then the CBC can and will inevitably degenerate into a propaganda arm of the government.

Second, there was the direct statement by a Minister of the Crown that the CBC—and indeed the basic structure of government—is "infiltrated" by Communists. If this is true, Dr. McCann ought to produce hard evidence of it and do his best to see that appropriate and lawful steps are taken to ensure that the public interest is not endangered. If he has no evidence he ought to have remained silent. When a Minister of the Crown casts suspicion on unnamed public servants he casts suspicion on all public servants.

Equally serious, perhaps, is the minister's

apparent inability to understand that Communist propaganda, while it has undoubted dangers, is not always or necessarily so dangerous as the suppression of Communist propaganda. Of course the CBC has been broadcasting Communist propaganda: every report of a speech of Khrushchev, every news despatch from Moscow or Peking contains Communist propaganda. To a sensitive ear any play that says employees don't always like their employers, and are sometimes treated badly by them, is Communist propaganda too. We have read the play that provoked the discussion between Mr. Low and Dr. McCann. Most certainly it had a high propaganda content; propaganda for a dead man whose name was Joe Hill, propaganda for a dead labor movement whose name was the Industrial Workers of the World, direct propaganda for communism only insofar as its goals, to everyone's embarrassment, sometimes parallel the goals of most decent people. In what conceivable respect can this sort of play or this sort of message have hurt the public interest? If at all, not half so much as the public interest can be hurt by the suppression of any lawful idea, lawfully expressed. As a state monopoly, the CBC has not only a right, but a duty, to interpret freedom of speech as liberally as it possibly can within the law and reasonable canons of taste. In doing so it is under no obligation either to employ or to give a hearing to known subversives, but it most definitely is under an obligation to resist both the methods and the barren philosophy of the witch hunter.

As the official responsible in parliament for the CBC, one of Dr. McCann's chief functions is to defend that organization's right and reaffirm its duty to give occasional offense not only to Solon Low but to himself, Dr. McCann, and to every other tolerably steady listener or viewer. It is certainly not his function to make blanket accusations that he cannot even try to substantiate and then use these as an excuse for trying to muzzle a vital part of the nation's voice.

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Moving day in Iroquois

This is Iroquois, Ont., and it's moving to higher ground, out of the path of the St. Lawrence Seaway. But to be truthful, it's not all Iroquois — artist Franklin Arbuckle sketched onlookers in nearby Morrisburg, which had more front - porch superintendents.

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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

N. J. BERRILL ACCUSES

History's greatest mass murderer: YOU

In the centuries to come, as one human generation succeeds another, this age of ours will be scrutinized with the same objective judgment as we ourselves now look upon the past. The thought is uncomfortable.

At the best our time may be spoken of as the dawn of the atomic age of plenty, or perhaps no more than part of the continuing industrial revolution. It is more likely, considering the increasing rate at which we are mining and consuming the world's resources, that we will be thought of as the age that plundered the planet, for with a little more time it will be all too true. Posterity—yours and mine—will have harsh words for those who squandered the family inheritance and I fear our ears may burn in more ways than one.

Yet all of this represents a purely materialistic outlook. It is human nature to be greedy and to resent the greed of others, and no doubt our descendants would act as thoughtlessly unless circumstances constrained them. Man, however, does not live by bread alone, nor by all the gadgets technology may devise. He belongs to a living world, is part of a community of life that extends far beyond the human, and has a heritage and relationships he is in danger of forgetting. We are selling our birthright for a mess of pottage, almost unaware of what we are doing and only conscious that the mess is becoming increasingly unappetizing.

The dead we leave behind

Our towns and cities grow ever larger and more numerous and tend to link up with one another, so that nature becomes more and more something you read about or see on a screen. Going to the country means superhighways or heavy traffic, cottages all around you and the sound of outboard motors. You are more likely to see dogs and cats than wild life of any spectacular kind, and any fish you catch have probably been planted. And the chances are that the water will be polluted and unsafe to swim in, let alone to drink. The face of the earth is changing and by no means for the better.

Only a short century ago this continent was almost as full and rich with the wild beauty of its natural flora and fauna as it was when white men first arrived. The great buffalo herds still roamed at large, passenger pigeons flourished in unbelievable numbers, whooping cranes and trumpeter swans were commonplace. Now the last passenger pigeon is long since



Dr. N. J. Berrill is a professor of zoology at McGill University and a writer on topical scientific subjects.

dead, the cranes and swans can be counted on our fingertips and are unlikely to survive, while the buffalo lives by our forbearance only upon reservations, though just so long as it is expedient. Recently, for instance, buffalo herds were slaughtered in Arizona at the whim of a commanding general because the buffalo range had been included within the scope of military operations and the great beasts were sometimes in the way. Their only official useful purpose, that of being studied by naturalists, no longer existed since naturalists were prohibited from entering the region.

This may seem to be a rather extreme example of man's ruthlessness in putting his practical needs above all else, but it is typical of the man with a gun wherever he has been. Mountain lion, coyotes and birds of prey are shot on sight in the mistaken belief that in their search for food they do us more material harm than good. Harbor seals have a bounty on their heads because they may be a link in the life cycle of a parasitic worm that is found in inshore cod and reduces the market value of the fish. Rhesus monkeys, virtual parodies of ourselves, are dying by the thousands so that we can use their kidneys in the manufacture of polio virus. Granted that our need is great, yet there seems to be no thought or feeling for what we do. Man's arrival on earth appears to be a fateful event for the rest of creation and we are now witnessing, as a result of our own actions, one of the great ages of extinction.

Contemporary civilized man is far more out of touch with the world that has given him birth than the so-called uncivilized or **continued on page 47**



**what a pick-up!
yet it relaxes . . .**

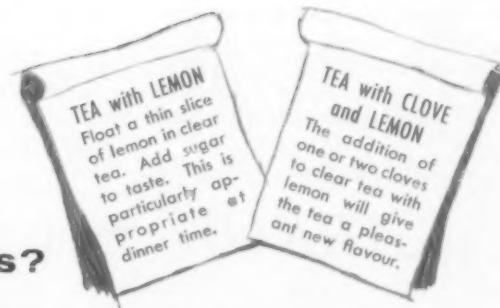
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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Forget Shaw?—"Not bloody likely!"



As theatre critic he shocked all England by attacking Shakespeare.

Not long ago I described how a number of us gathered together to commemorate the centenary of Oscar Wilde's birth. We stood in the street outside the house in Chelsea where he lived until disgrace, imprisonment and exile ended his life and we watched in silence as the mayor of Chelsea placed a plaque upon the door of the house bearing the simple statement that Wilde had lived there.

Afterward we adjourned to the Savoy for luncheon and listened to speeches extolling the man whose flaring genius ended in shame.

And now, or just a few days ago, a number of us went to Malvern, near Shakespeare's lovely countryside, to honor the centenary of another Irish man of letters—George Bernard Shaw. It was arranged that on the first evening there would be a production of his play, *Caesar*

and *Cleopatra*, performed by the admirable Birmingham Repertory Company as a prelude to its going to the Old Vic in London.

On the next day there was to be a luncheon where the centenary speech would be delivered by the author of *London Letter*. It was flattering to be thus honored, but it meant that I would have to speak to actors, authors and producers who had worked intimately with the great man.

Meanwhile every newspaper in London was full of articles written by critics, dramatists and others who had known Shaw. If there is any chuckling among the gods on Olympus there must have been a lot of it during the newspaper discussions. The hundred-year-old



As playwright he started a scandal with *Pygmalion*, now a musical hit.

Shaw in death was as much a controversial figure as when he strode the earth. In life he inspired immense controversy. From the Elysian Fields he still inspires it.

He died a wealthy man and it is always interesting to study how a man of substance disposes of his money. Shaw's faithful secretary who had given her whole life to his service was left a thousand pounds. That was all. GBS had been a childless widower for many years and this faithful secretary had protected him, soothed him and served him as if she had been the only woman in his life.

But rich men who are generous in life often become mean and insensitive when making a will. In fact, almost the entire fortune of Shaw was continued on page 73



As a legend he tickled the world with droll dress and sharp words.



Backstage in the U.S. campaign

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Cartoon by Grassick

After Canada's grey politics, a U.S. campaign is a source of envy.

Maybe a little hoopla doesn't hurt

Toward the end of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago the followers of Kentucky's Governor "Happy" Chandler paraded around the convention hall, waving placards such as "Be Lucky, Go Happy" and "Mamie Move Out, Mama Move In." Before them and behind went seven toothsome drum majorettes and the scarlet-coated brass band of St. Rita's High School, playing in gallant competition with an electric organ that was pumping a different tune through the public-address system. The parade was led by a thin angular man who wore a sunflower-shaped hat, a bright red umbrella, white Bermuda shorts, a festoon of cardboard horseshoes and the earmarks of a monumental hang-over.

Halfway through the twenty minutes allowed for this ritual James B. Reston, Washington correspondent of the New York Times, emerged from the sweating throng and waved to a Canadian friend.

"Don't let this turn you into a Fascist, old boy," he said.

Reston needn't have worried. To a reporter accustomed to the slate-grey sobriety of Canadian politics, an American election campaign is a source of joy and pure envy.

Even to its most delighted observers, though, it is still a bit mystifying. Some American phenomena have swept the world, like

Coca-Cola, but the election campaign is strictly a wine of the country. As Windsor, Ont., learns by painful experience every four years, it cannot be exported even across the Detroit River; every attempt at imitation turns out to be tame, self-conscious and flat.

In its native climate, for some strange reason, it is just the opposite. From its opening moment, when the Democrats' imported tenor led in The Star-Spangled Banner and forgot the words, the 1956 campaign like all its predecessors has been authentically, uniquely and bewilderingly American.

The first and hardest thing for the foreigner to grasp is that nobody is being taken in. Like the gambler who, when told he was playing a fixed wheel, replied, "I know, but it's the only game in town," the American voter is anything but gullible. He is probably as sophisticated a democrat as any in the world, but he enjoys a show and he enjoys a fight. In an election year he expects his politicians to provide both, and they do — not only between the Democrats and the Republicans but within each party as well.

Hardly anyone, for example, really believed at any time that Governor Averell Harriman of New York had the faintest hope of beating Adlai Stevenson for the Democratic

continued on page 76

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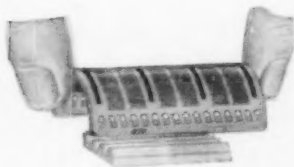
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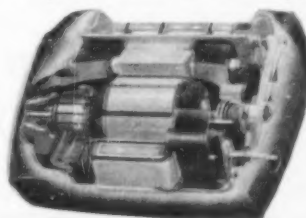


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'Terylene' is the *talented* new textile fibre. It does wonderful things in *clothes discipline*. Keeps the press in slacks . . . holds pleats securely in skirts . . . resists wrinkles

marvellously . . . and soon sheds the odd one it *might* pick up.

'Terylene' does wonderful things in *clothes care*, too. Blouses, shirts and dresses drip-dry in a hurry, need no ironing, and are not discoloured by detergents. You'll find 'Terylene' in blouses and socks, in ties and skirts, in slacks and gloves, and raincoats and dresses. Look for the distinctive tag shown below.

C-I-L CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED



The coming battle for the Columbia

**By law we control it — also the
Yukon River — and we need them for
power. Our U. S. neighbors want both.
Will we yield them? Can they take them?**

**It could become the
biggest border hassle in our history**

By Bruce Hutchison

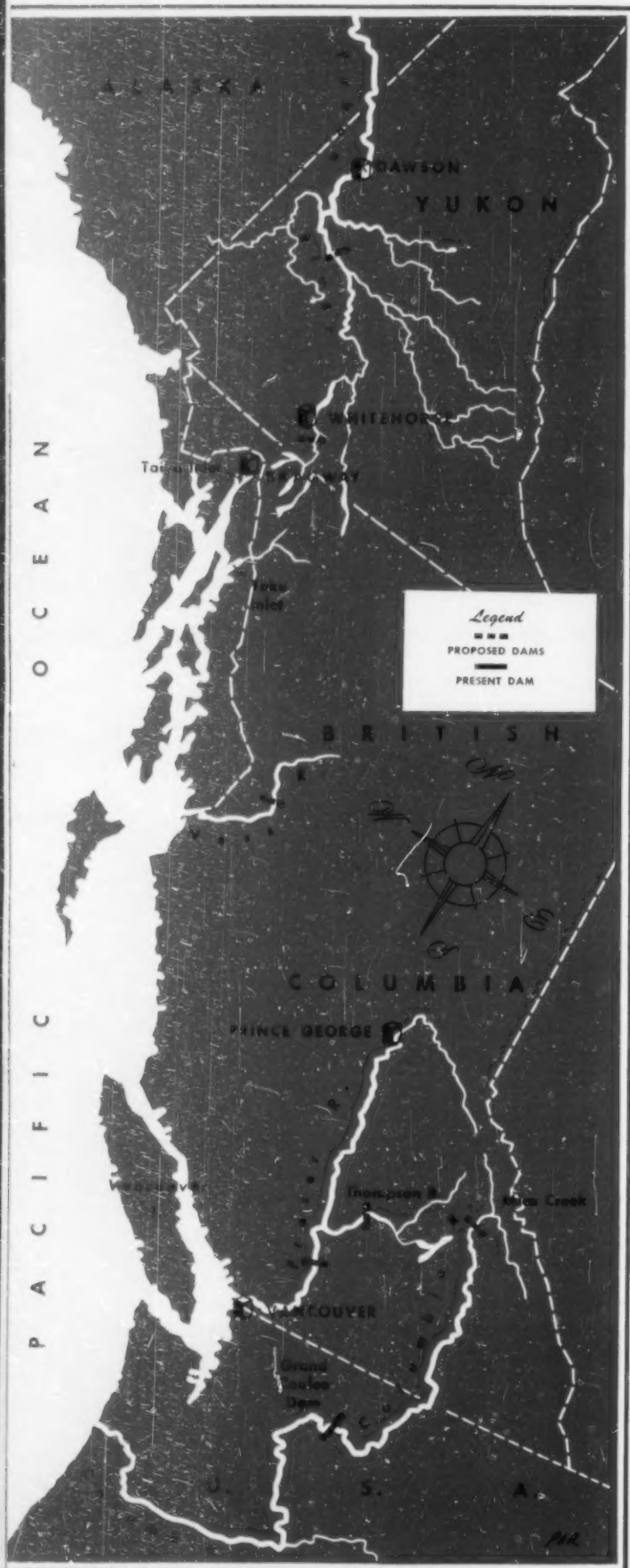
When David Thompson, with seven companions, paddled down the Columbia River in the summer of 1811 he was searching for furs and perhaps a tenable boundary line between the disjointed Canadian colonies and the expanding American republic.

The Columbia was not to be the boundary but Thompson had explored one of the continent's supreme assets without suspecting its value. Unknown to him, his river contained more electrical power than any other current in North America—also an acute problem of continental politics certain sooner or later to bring Canada and the United States into open conflict.

That problem, long latent and almost disregarded, has recently emerged in daunting dimensions. It has broadened unexpectedly to involve the future of the distant Canadian north.

Continued over page ▶

The Columbia north of Revelstoke, B.C. In the horse trade of the century, U. S. and Canada will match stakes on how to harness it.



The issues in struggle for power are dam sites on Columbia and Yukon rivers. We want to divert the Columbia to the Thompson. The U.S. wants to divert Yukon waters to Taiya Inlet. Each country is saying no to the other.



The Columbia as it looks today at Mica Creek, B.C. Here Canada has proposed a six-hundred-foot-high dam to create an 85-mile-long lake and store early-summer waters in a vast reservoir of power.

With this \$250-million dam we could double the Columbia's

Early next year the two friendly neighbors will begin their most important negotiations since the abortive reciprocity agreement of 1911; Canada seems to hold all the aces in a gigantic poker game of diplomacy. The U. S. is apparently hoist on two separate petards of its own making and ruefully confronts two errors impelled by its lack of foresight.

Nevertheless, the bargain now in the making, though it holds immense opportunities for Canada, presents dangers of equal magnitude. That question—far more significant than most of the partisan issues now convulsing domestic Canadian politics—will be answered in the next year or two.

The control of Thompson's river, the use of its power and hence the economic prospects of the far Canadian west are at stake. Moreover, if powerful American interests can re-introduce that old and bitter dispute, the pending negotiations will include the boundary between the Yukon and Alaska, where another great prize, the Yukon River, is monopolized by Canada and coveted by the U. S.

Behind these imponderables is the certainty that without the fastest possible exploitation of Columbia power, or some alternative, Canada's Pacific coast, with its surging industrial growth, will face a disastrous shortage of electricity within a dozen years at most.

The agenda of Canadian politics contains many impressive items, soon to receive the verdict of the electors. All of them—even the controversial gas pipeline—are dwarfed in importance by the management, or mismanagement, of the Columbia.

In the early days of steam neither Thompson nor the governments of his time could suspect the meaning of the Columbia in terms of electrical power or international quarrels. It took man almost a century to guess the river's contents and begin to harness its titanic energies. Even today, after several years of confused public debate on both sides of the border, the Canadian and American peoples have failed to grasp the obvious continental facts already clear to governments and their engineers but generally blurred, evaded or misrepresented in parliament, congress and the press.

The first fact is the Columbia itself — 1,210 miles of water in its main stream, rising in southwestern British Columbia and dropping 2,560 feet to the sea in Oregon. Its unequalled power, used and unused, is the by-product of a furious and erratic journey through the Rockies, the parched ranges of Washington, lush Oregon valleys and the jungle of the coast.

All the rivers of the world are said to hold 650 million horsepower of potential electricity. The rivers of North America can produce a fifth of this total. The Columbia alone will supply, when fully harnessed, more than a third of this fifth. On this continent, perhaps only the St. Lawrence, as an artery of transportation, can compare in value with the Columbia. And its wealth, unlike the wealth of mine, oil well, gas field, forest or field, is permanent and fool-proof.

Canada's objective in the deal now under way is to secure the largest possible share of the Columbia's potential 50,000,000 horsepower (counting every tributary's pow-



The Columbia as it will look at Mica Creek—if we build the dam—is shown in this artist's conception. We could divert water to power sites on the Thompson and Fraser but U.S. wants it downstream.

a's power. Will we keep it for B.C., or free it to work for the U.S.?

er as well) and, through it, an economic revolution in the west. Up to now only 700,000 of the 4,500,000 horsepower available in the Canadian section of the Columbia has been tapped. We have the chance to use not only the remainder but a sizeable portion of the power in American territory as well, provided we play our cards with skill and courage.

The Columbia's harnessed and unharnessed energies are the outcome of an explorer's nightmare and God's gift to the engineer. As Thompson found, when he vainly searched for the upper sources of the river, year after year this eccentric current seems to flow the wrong way, in defiance of geography and gravity.

In the course of its long detours and crazy meanderings along a clumsy letter S, it has sucked up countless tributaries, among them the Kootenay which has risen a few miles away from the Columbia's source, flowed southward into the United States and northward again to join its parent at Castlegar; the Okanagan and its string of lovely Canadian lakes; the Pend Oreille; the Spokane, the Yakima and the mighty Snake south of the line. Together they form a vast sponge storing and discharging the snow and rainfall of 260,000 square miles, an area larger than that of many nations.

While only fifteen percent of this drainage basin lies north of the boundary, and only 465 miles of the main stream, Canada absolutely controls the vital headwaters. The tap is under its hand by solemn international treaty. In legal theory it can decide as it pleases the future development of the river's resources of hydro-electric power.

Legal theory and political facts, however, are not the same thing. National and electrical power are not measurable by the same mathematics. That is why no one can forecast the outcome of the new Canadian-American negotiations.

The United States, clutching what it considered its enlightened self-interest, bungled its diplomacy on the Columbia in the first place. But, long before Canada realized the liquid treasure flowing past its door, the Americans had started to tap it with a series of dams from the river's mouth all the way to the border. Bonneville, The Dalles, McNary, Rock Island, Chief Joseph, Grand Coulee, Albeni Falls and Hungry Horse have nourished, or will soon nourish, the whole economy of the northwest states, now one of America's major industrial regions.

Meanwhile Canada contented itself with damming the Kootenay, mainly to power the Trail smelter. As it seemed to be in no urgent need of more electricity, it regarded the Columbia as a route of easy steamboat travel or a water grade for various local railways. For decade after decade the Columbia, within Canada, flowed on without a single obstruction while the Americans were re-shaping the greater part of it with giant molds of concrete.

The imaginative Americans have invested two billion dollars in their dams and electrical systems, powered their industries, lighted their homes and irrigated their dry lands. Now they are planning to double that investment—provided Canada supplies them with more usable Columbia water.

Man cannot increase the Columbia's total flow, but he can **continued on page 28**



"Why not keep it for Canada?"

Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton proposed a tunnel to divert the Columbia. The Americans scoffed, then found it could be done and took fright.



"It would be an unfriendly act"

Senator Richard Neuberger, of Oregon, predicted a crisis in U. S.-Canada relations unless our plans for the Columbia were also beneficial to the U. S.



The Wells way to woo money for churches is a business to Lewis Wells. He says giving does you good; critics say he's too high pressure.

What cash-register evangelism is doing for the churches

BY FRANK CROFT

Amid both praise and charges of "unchurchlike tactics,"
the professional fund raisers
of the Wells Organizations
have helped pump sixty million dollars into Canadian churches.
Here's how charity works in a grey-flannel suit



The Wells technique includes free Loyalty Dinners like

this one

Until early this year St. Patrick's Anglican Church in Guelph, Ont., was struggling along on a meager budget eked out by grants from the diocese. There were no pews in St. Patrick's; worshipers sat on folding chairs. There was no parish hall; the chairs were stacked in a corner and a curtain was drawn across the chancel when church groups met. The church's ancient warm-air furnace made attendance a real test of faith during the winter months. As one member puts it, "You had to be a Christian martyr to attend St. Pat's and like it. We always had good hard-working pastors but we never seemed to be able to get out of the rut."

But during the past few months all that has become an unhappy memory. The congregation has boosted its annual gross budget from three thousand dollars to thirteen thousand, without a dime coming from beyond the parish boundaries. The folding chairs are now in the basement, which has been redecorated to serve as a parish hall. The church itself has been redecorated. New pews are in place and the front exterior is being rebuilt. An oil-heating and air-conditioning plant has been



like this one by the Sudbury St. Andrew's United Church. "In an atmosphere of geniality" churchgoers learn how much church leaders have pledged. Pastors too give till it hurts.

installed. The rector, Rev. W. O. Straw, expects to be told by his bishop any time now that St. Patrick's has been raised from mission to self-supporting status.

Similar transformations are being recorded in other parts of Canada. For instance, less than two years ago Rev. Father R. J. Monahan was given a new fifteen-square-mile parish in suburban Toronto's Scarborough district. The parish was so new that it didn't have a church. All it had was a name, St. Boniface, and a scattered congregation that met for services in private homes. A slight improvement came late in 1955 when a public-school auditorium was obtained, but the prospect of a church of their own seemed far away. Then, last February, something happened. Within a month Father Monahan's parishioners had put up pledges totaling more than a hundred thousand dollars. Today the people of St. Boniface Roman Catholic parish are worshipping in a new church.

When the Anglicans of the Winnipeg district opened a canvass for funds to meet new building requirements they set a goal of three hundred

thousand dollars. When the canvass ended seven hundred thousand dollars had been pledged.

Such experiences are becoming commonplace for Canadian churches, not because of a spontaneous combustion of Christian zeal, but by the cash-register evangelism of a group of professional church fund raisers called the Wells Organizations. Since 1954 more than six hundred and fifty congregations of every major denomination from Labrador to Vancouver Island have pledged — through Wells' efforts—sixty million dollars to be given in three- (or two-) year periods. The results from early canvasses show that the pledges are kept ninety percent of the time.

The non-religious organization that quietly strolls the ecclesiastical vineyards, plucking ten dollars where only one grew before, operates in Canada from a Toronto head office, and branches in Halifax, Montreal, Hamilton, London, Sault Ste. Marie, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver. It is managed by Jim Johnston, a tall, dark, affable, former public accountant. The parent American organization, in Chicago, which has now branched out beyond Canada to Australia, New Zealand,

South Africa and England, is headed by Lewis G. Wells, a chunky, greying, quietly dressed man who still prefixes his name with the rank colonel (which he held when demobilized from the U. S. Army at the end of World War II) and who talks tirelessly in a faintly husky voice of the blessings of sacrificial church giving. Wells' prewar experience in fund raising was learned from his father who had been directing a large hospital fund-raising organization in the U. S. for years. When the son decided to start his own business he mixed hospitals and churches; but when a few hospital campaigns failed (including one at Orangeville, Ont., three years ago) and church canvasses showed promise, the Wells Organizations abandoned all other fields but that of church finances.

The financial transfusions given by Wells canvasses in Canada have resulted in more than five hundred new churches, Sunday-school buildings, parish halls and parsonages, in more support for missions, in torn-up mortgages, and happy smiles. They have also brought disappointment and dissension. **continued on page 68**



ARROZ CON POLLO

By Chef Paul Boetch

OF THE HOTEL DE LASALLE, MONTREAL

Dissect two broilers (two pounds each) or a four-pound roasting chicken and sauté with one small chopped onion in olive oil until nicely brown; place in a casserole dish. In the frying pan used to sauté the chicken, roast half a cup of rice with one chopped onion, two cloves of garlic, pinch of saffron, dry red peppers, chili powder. Then put rice over the sautéed chicken, garnish with two sliced green peppers, two sliced red peppers, two chopped tomatoes, one and a half cups of chicken broth and cook in a moderate oven until the liquid has been absorbed by the rice.



SME LTS (for two)

By Madeleine Marois

Make a bed of one cup chopped celery and three quarters of a cup of chopped parsley in a baking pan. Place eight smelts on this bed and cover with pats of butter, a layer of one cup of sliced mushrooms. Sprinkle with one quarter cup of roasted bread crumbs, a pinch of rosemary, thyme, oregano, freshly ground pepper. Drown in one and a half cups of sauterne and cook in a preheated oven at five hundred degrees for ten minutes. Serve with balance of the sauterne chilled.

While trenchermen
of nine provinces
search hungrily for glamorous
goulashes
and piquant pizzas,
the tenth happily carries on
its three-hundred-year-old love affair
with the finest food of all.
Come to Quebec and sample

our most neglected treasure:

Everybody seems to be finding a new restaurant these days. And it usually turns out to be an Italian spot with pizza and espresso coffee, a Hungarian goulash dispensary, or even, so help me, a Japanese teahouse. But when I want to really let myself go, I call up one of my French-Canadian friends and drop a broad hint. Or, if I have no luck there, I take a couple of dollars out of the sock and head for a French restaurant. For the crazy fact is that with all our enthusiasm over newly discovered Italian, Hungarian, Japanese, Chinese, Jewish and German cooking, we are overlooking the best bet of all: the cooking done by more than four million of us who speak French.

I have lived a dozen years now in Quebec, and I have come to hold a deep respect for the culinary prowess of French Canadians, the inborn wisdom and the flair that they bring to cooking. With them, cooking is an art that has no parallel in English Canada. Quebecers have a special reverence for food. I once heard a Montreal maitre d'hôtel reprimand the food editor of an American fashion magazine for smoking between courses—it spoiled the taste of the food. And the great chefs of French Canada are household names, with their own partisans, but disdaining the fan clubs and autographed photos that would reduce them to the level of sports or movie stars. When the Montreal branch of the Prosper Montagné gourmet club recently held a dinner at the Queen's Hotel, the event received three full columns in Canada's largest French-language newspaper, *La Presse*. Chef François Duprat's signed menu was reproduced, and each course was lovingly described. At the same dinner, another

noted chef, Edouard "Papa" Lelarge of the 400 restaurant, was raised to the rank of *chevalier* of the Prosper Montagné club for his efforts in disseminating a taste for good food in the community.

The whole approach to food in French Canada is different from that in English Canada. It is culinary pleasure first and nourishment afterward. I learned this distinction some years ago at the Kerhulu restaurant in Quebec City when, suffering from a hangover, I ordered a full-course meal and then found I could not face it. Since the meal had given me no pleasure, Madame Kerhulu refused to accept payment for it, even though the food was perfect.

Food is part of French-Canadian folklore, culture, and even Quebec government policy. A poet of fifty years ago, Emile Nelligan, is best known today for a verse that was turned into a folk song, extolling the virtues of wine with food. Poet Jean Narashe is remembered for his poems about food, and a ribald raftsmen's song about pork and beans is very popular. So, too, are a couple of other songs: one about a priest who loved his sauce so much that he climbed right into it, and the other about a priest who was adept at making bread. Another song, *Le Festin de la Campagne*, describes a full meal in verse, and the novel *Les Anciens Canadiens*, by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, gives pages of colorful meal descriptions.

Two formidable encyclopedias, *Larousse Gastronomique* and Escoffier's *Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy*, both as thick as the Oxford English Dictionary, are basic texts in many Quebec homes. Another favorite is Jean Halleure's *Madame Est Servie* with the recipes all **continued on page 52**



A French-Canadian dinner
By Micheline Handfield

French pea soup
Spiced pork pie
Braised pigs' feet and
pork meat balls in brown gravy
flavored with cloves
Roast pork and brown potatoes
Maple-sugar tarts
Country bread

FRENCH COOKING BY KEN JOHNSTONE



A Parisian French dinner
By Annette Zarov

Clear consommé
served with hot pigs in blankets
Liver-and-pork pâté with truffles
Black Greek olives Sweet radishes
Garlic sausage Cucumber slices
Celery
Marinated button mushrooms
Canadian caviar
Fresh baby Gaspé salmon in aspic
served with fresh-cooked grey shrimps
Veal kidneys
with mushroom white-wine sauce
served on flaky pastry shells
Capon
seasoned with garden-fresh tarragon,
garnished with water cress,
and young new potatoes
in buttered parsley
White-wine sauce with mushrooms
Fresh artichoke
served with capered butter sauce
Choice of Roquefort, Brie and
aged Canadian white Cheddar
Boston lettuce salad
with garlic and vinegar sauce
Home-made rum cake with Angelica
served with flaming rum
Coffee
Basket of fresh fruits in season



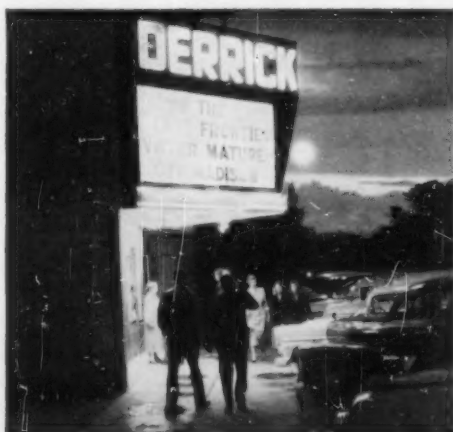
Oil on his farm: Twelve wells on farm near Virden mean \$4,000 a month to Charles Cruickshank. "In the Depression," he says, "I was ready to walk off the place."

The splash oil's making in Manitoba

It's no bonanza like Alberta's but it's pumping millions into this prairie province. To see the change, come to Virden, in the heart of it all, but don't say "boom" . . . it's a bad word there



Oil for a name: On the town outskirts Virden hangs its name in flickering lights on mock oil derrick.



Oil to run business: At first the town wasn't sure oil would last but now theatre wears an oil label.

By Robert Collins

PHOTOS BY HORST EHRLICH

For a hundred and ninety miles west of Winnipeg, old Manitoba lulls you with fragrant hay fields, drowsy villages and picture-book farms. Then, suddenly, the harsh petroleum odor of new Manitoba cuts the air. The skyline is laced with steel oil derricks. Fields are speckled with aluminum storage tanks and red-green or blue-gold oil-well pumps, tip-tilting lazily like oversize seesaws.

At Virden, a shady town in the middle of it all, long stacks of oil-well pipe and casing crouch by the railway tracks. Husky men in high-laced boots and oil-stained jeans crowd the restaurants. Even the once dusty streets—those that aren't freshly paved—are slicked down with crude oil scraped from the bottom of local storage tanks.

Virden is probably the only town in Canada where drive-in theatregoers can watch either a

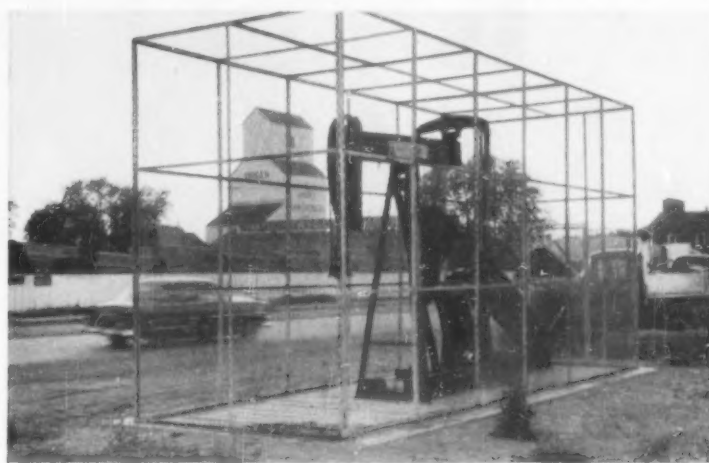


Oil on the greens: The lawn bowlers at Victoria Park in downtown Virden have an interest in Well 6-22, which so far has produced more than \$30,000 worth of oil.

Oil pumps rise everywhere in Virden. Even the cautious town folk admit they may even be there to stay for a while.



Oil for a show: Next to drive-in theatre a pump advertises town's biggest show.



Oil in the streets: This pump (caged to keep kids out) works in heart of town.

movie or the pumping oil well just right of the screen. Virden's flying club is perhaps the only one in Canada that augments its income by "flying" a pipeline. Every week its aircraft cruise over the local Trans-Prairie gathering system, checking for leaks. Virden has a Derrick restaurant, Derrick movie house and a miniature derrick bearing the town's name in neon at the outskirts. Obviously, Virden is Manitoba's oil capital.

But it's the soberest little oil capital in Canada.

Manitoba's five-year-old oil industry has produced twelve oil fields, six hundred and ten wells and more than nine million barrels of crude. This is, of course, a small effort by western oil-province standards. While Manitoba produced approximately four million barrels last year Saskatchewan produced eleven million and Alberta produced one hundred and thirteen million. And, although Manitoba is only now hitting its stride, it is on the fringe of western Canada's known oil basin and can't expect to equal the oil potential of either of its sister provinces.

Nevertheless oil is pouring millions of dollars into Manitoba and especially into Virden. Ninety-seven percent of the production is within a twenty-mile radius of the town. Twenty-two companies work in the area. Fifty-four drilling, trucking, pipeline or other oil-affiliated firms operate out of Virden.

But for four years after the first strike cautious Virden refused to celebrate. Even now many Virdenites are sure the oil business won't last.

Virden is not only surrounded by oil—it lives on an oil field. Within the 640-acre townsite are sixteen producing wells, one for every forty acres. Day and night the pumps nod inside heavy wire cages in back lanes, vacant lots and along streets. There's one on the fair grounds, another by the hospital and a third beside Sixth Avenue, a short block from two hotels.

There is also a well, No. 6-22, in downtown Victoria Park, squeezed between the tennis court and the bowling green. No. 6-22 has so far produced about thirty thousand dollars worth of crude from its surrounding forty acres. Various Virden citizens—including some bowlers and tennis players—have an interest in approximately half that acreage. Consequently, the well's creak has never put anyone off his game.

And although petroleum smells like rotten eggs in some parts, it smells like money to Virden. When all sixteen wells begin paying royalties, private individuals in Virden may collect around sixty thousand dollars a year, depending on production. The town itself will receive about twenty-six thousand dollars a year.

But Virden is long-faced, because expenses have gone up too. For instance, four years ago the town managed on a seventy-five-thousand-dollar budget. This year it needed two hundred thousand dollars. Hence no one indulges in champagne parties or foreign sport cars or oilmen's traditional cowboy clothes. Once a man was seen around town wearing a Stetson and high-heeled boots but it turned out he was from Oklahoma. Virden astonishes veteran oilmen like Ernest T. Latham, general superintendent of

Calgary-based Amurex oil company. Latham, who's been in the oil business thirty-one years, supervised the drilling of fourteen Virden wells last year.

"Compared with Alberta this isn't a boom at all," he says. "Some oil towns let things get out of hand—teen-agers hanging around the streets at night, that sort of thing. But this is the best little oil town I've seen."

Oil has revolutionized Virden's trade. Five years ago as a farmers' centre (population 1,746) it had two industries (a creamery and a flour mill), a dreary array of mouse-colored brick buildings and even a few quaint fieldstone buildings bequeathed by some forgotten Scottish mason.

Today Virden has 3,422 people, two hundred and thirty-eight new ranch-style homes and thirty-one sleek new business buildings. Business has gone up as much as six hundred percent. It's Manitoba's most exciting boom. But Virden can't get excited.

Ever since the town was founded in 1882 Virden's Scottish and English people have taken themselves seriously.

"They're not exactly stuffy but they're sure conservative," says one oilman.

But there's a deeper reason for Virden's strange composure. An oil boom isn't the care-free experience that most non-oil towns think. It creates enormous problems of planning and servicing. Some communities turn into rowdy shack towns during a boom. Virden didn't, and therein lies its story.

Before oil, Virden was **continued on page 64**



Is NOISE

It drives some people crazy,

makes others weak and shiftless and can even kill.

Here's what the increasing bedlam around us

does to our health

and what we can do about it

making you SICK?

BY JANICE TYRWHITT

Noise is all around us, an enemy invisible and inescapable. Walking and sleeping, we are submerged in an ocean of sound that thunders ceaselessly against our ears. Noise is like jealousy; most of the time you scarcely notice it, but once it catches your attention you can't get it out of your mind. And even if you're not aware of it, noise can cause fatigue and physical strain and, occasionally, actual body damage that can't be repaired. When a doctor suggests rest and quiet, he's prescribing a remedy just as vital as a bottle of pills or a change in diet.

Dr. H. A. Leedy, director of the Armour Research Foundation of the Illinois Institute of Technology, an organization currently fighting noise in the United States, has this to say about the problem of noise today: "It is one of the most important causes of human unhappiness. Each of us wastefully expends a great amount of energy every day in just shutting out intolerable noises, while at the same time keeping alert to let in those sounds we wish to hear, such as warning sounds in traffic. The frustration we feel from our inability to adjust ourselves to our noisy environment results in our suffering anxiety complexes."

Dean V. O. Knudsen, of the University of California, agrees: "Noise is an enemy that attacks us on every conceivable front. It disturbs our rest, it strikes at our ability to think, it impairs our hearing, obliterates conversation and threatens our health. There is substantial evidence that it can and sometimes does drive some people crazy. Today noise is becoming more destructive at an alarming rate."

In return for high-speed transportation and mechanized production methods, the twentieth century has robbed us of silence. Though it's less than two hundred years since James Watt conceived the steam engine, one of the devices that touched off the age of industry, Watt would find today's noise almost incredible if he were to visit a modern city. And to his further astonishment, he'd find himself surrounded by people who didn't seem to hear the noise at all.

It's no wonder modern man is accustomed to noise. He wakes up to the jangle of an alarm clock and shaves with a buzzing electric razor. Even his breakfast food has a noise of its own. He plunges to work through a cacophony of blaring horns, clashing gears and sputtering exhausts to reach an office where the ringing of telephones and clattering of typewriters is muffled only by the steady hum of the air conditioning. When he calls home at noon, his wife can't answer the telephone until she's turned off the radio (tuned loud so she can hear a soap opera while she's running the vacuum cleaner), and waited for the roar of a passing jet plane to die away. She reminds him to pick her up at six for a cocktail party, a kind of yelling contest at which the players try to shout each other. At eight they make their shrill farewells, and he takes her to dinner at a restaurant with piped-in music. After spending the day surrounded by bells, sirens, clamorous voices and throbbing machinery, the poor fellow finally falls asleep wondering why he's so tired.

"We're alarmed about noise," says Dr. F. R. Griffin, a Toronto industrial physician. "It's **continued on page 43**



Sixteen strong men, laughing, shouting, singing, fighting over a pretty girl, pitching bundles all day and dancing half the night. One man ate enough for three.

The harvester

He knew what it was like
to lift a bundle of grain,
a washtub full of lunch
or a laughing girl
... a girl like Maggie

BY ROBERT KROETSCH ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL





He came in shortly after six o'clock that morning, in a cattle truck off Highway 13. Maggie was just opening the roadside café for the day's business and was alone, and she came from the kitchen when the door slammed, and she went to the counter as two men sat down.

The trucker pushed his cap back with a greasy hand and flicked the menu from between a ketchup bottle and a napkin holder. "Ham and eggs scrambled—in a hurry," he said. "Black coffee."

Maggie nodded and turned to the old man. She saw his quiet grey eyes devouring yesterday's cakes and pies, stale behind the counter. She pretended not to see as he opened his hand on a few coins like a poker player looking at his cards. He closed his hand again, then paused before he said, "Coffee with a little cream . . . and buttered toast."

Maggie hurried to prepare and serve the orders, and after that she hoisted her heavy body onto the boss' stool behind the cash register and listened while the trucker gulped his food and complained about the road. She watched the old man.

He was a harvester, apparently, and he drank his coffee slowly, not talking, and when the trucker slapped some change on the counter and went to the men's room, Maggie stood up to pick up the change. "You better get a wiggle on, mister," she said, "or you'll miss your ride."

"I'm staying," the harvester said.

Maggie started to question him, but she

heard the coffee boiling over in the kitchen and she hurried away. She did not return till the trucker yelled so-long, and then she came out to say so-long and went to the front window to watch.

After the truck was gone she stood staring for a moment; she stared across the highway at the flat fields, glinting yellow in the cold morning sun, at the wheat lying swathed and ready for the combine. Then she turned away with a jerk, knowing that work would take the dull sleepy ache out of her bones, and she began to pick up the dirty dishes.

She left the harvester's empty cup sitting in front of him. "Working around here?" she asked.

"Come west to work every year," the harvester said.

"A combine man?" Maggie asked.

"I'm a field pitcher."

Maggie stopped with the dishes stacked on her arm. "You mean, you *were* a field pitcher. You used to be. But you ain't since they shut down the threshing machines."

"I'm a field pitcher," the harvester repeated.

Maggie shrugged and took the dishes into the kitchen and came back with a damp cloth. She was wiping the counter when suddenly the harvester asked, "You a widow woman?"

"Twice married and twice widowed," Maggie said. "No family either time." Then she noticed the harvester's quiet steady gaze on her rings, **continued on page 36**



ORCHARD

DARROW

HAYWOOD

This was the scene at Boise, Idaho, in 1907 when killer Harry Orchard (at left in light suit) told how union boss Big Bill Haywood (third from the right) paid him to murder Idaho's ex-governor, Frank Steunenberg. In a famous plea, Clarence Darrow (chin on hand), then just a young lawyer, got Haywood free.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK IN TWO PARTS BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

The frightening life story of Canada's most infamous hatchet man

2: The killing that rocked the continent

"Murder ex-governor Steunenberg," mine-union bosses told Harry Orchard, the Canadian assassin, "and teach our enemies a lesson." But the crime killed the union, and only the great Clarence Darrow's courtroom genius saved all their necks

Who should Harry Orchard, the dynamiter, the paid assassin, murder next? The high command of the Western Federation of Miners couldn't agree. At the union's headquarters in Denver in the summer of 1905, the president, Charles Moyer, the secretary-treasurer, Big Bill Haywood, and George Pettibone, an evil genius who advised them both and told the union's hatchet men who to kill and how to kill, wrangled interminably.

Moyer wanted to get Johnnie Neville, a for-

mer saloonkeeper who had helped Orchard escape from posses after Orchard had dynamited a railway station and killed thirteen miners at the town of Independence in Colorado. "Neville knows too much," Moyer argued. "If we don't get him, he'll get us."

Neither Haywood nor Pettibone seemed anxious about Neville. Pettibone wanted to do something about Sherman Bell, an adjutant-general of Colorado who had commanded militia that rode roughshod over miners in the

Cripple Creek strike in Colorado. Haywood decided that Frank Steunenberg, an ex-governor of Idaho, should have preference. Steunenberg had called out federal troops to break a miners' strike in the Coeur d'Alene district of Idaho.

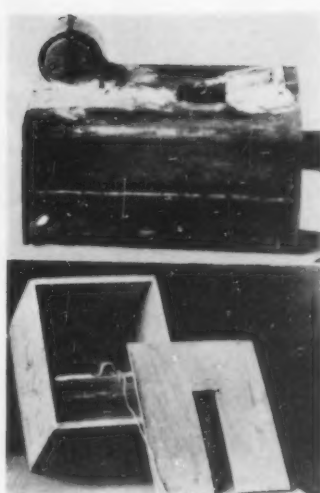
Moyer warmed to this suggestion, saying that if Steunenberg were bumped off they could send letters promising similar treatment to any others trying to subdue the miners' federation. Moyer said to go ahead **continued overleaf**

THE CRIME



THE VICTIM

As governor of Idaho, Frank Steunenberg sent troops to a mine strike. He died in blast of ...



THE WEAPON

... a bomb like this, packed with dynamite and tied to his gate by the miners' hatchet man ...



THE KILLER

... Harry Orchard, who confessed that he killed Steunenberg at order of mine-union officials ...

THE ACCUSED



BIG BILL HAYWOOD

This strong man of miners' union ordered the murder, Orchard said, after conferring with ...



GEORGE PETTIBONE

... "the devil," as this union aide was called for his skill with dynamite; and also with ...



CHARLES MOYER

... the president of the mine union. All three were brought to trial for Steunenberg's murder.

THE SOLUTION



THE DETECTIVE

With Gospel and organ music James McParland wooed from Orchard the story of 19 murders.



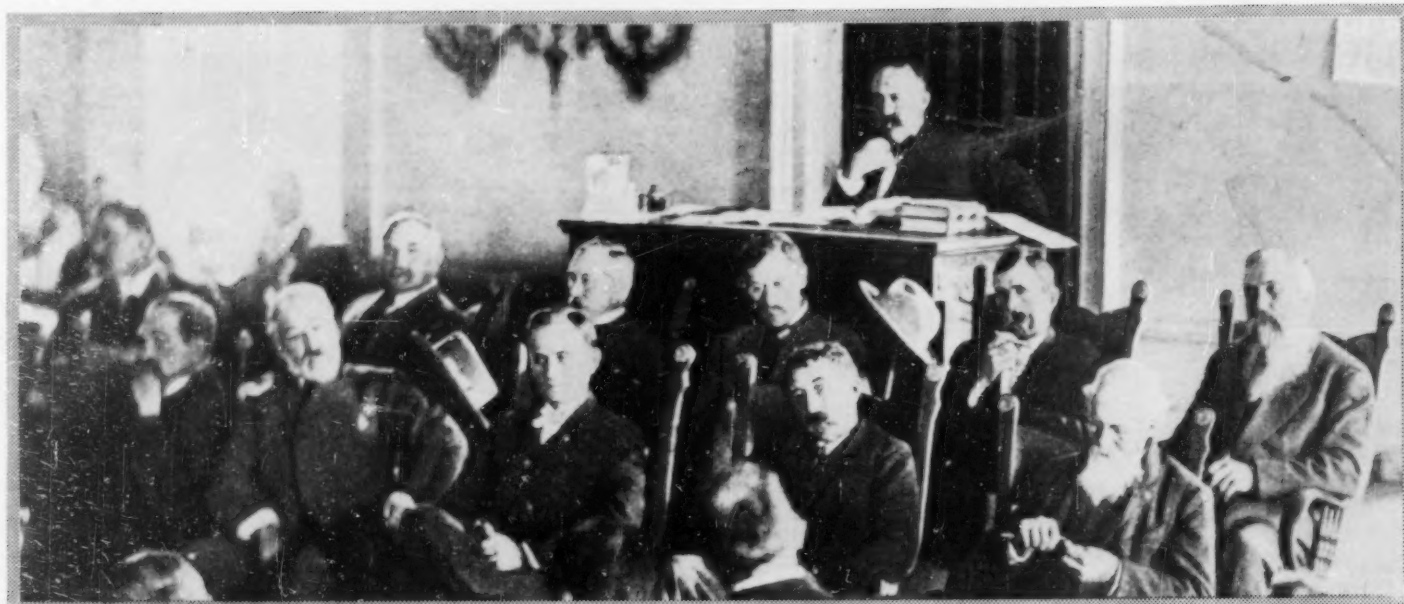
THE PROSECUTOR

With Orchard's confession William Borah tried to pin Steunenberg's killing on union bosses.



THE DEFENSE COUNSEL

With a plea for all labor Clarence Darrow won acquittal, but Orchard went to jail for life.



"A shocking verdict": In famous 1907 trial this jury found union boss Haywood not guilty of murder after Harry Orchard said Haywood paid him to murder.

"With his black valise and alarm-clock bomb he went out to kill a man he didn't know"

The killing that rocked the continent continued

with the Steunenberg job. Haywood peeled three hundred dollars from a roll and gave it to Orchard.

Orchard was to go to Steunenberg's home at Caldwell, Idaho, and kill him there. Four other men had failed; he would have to be careful. He should return by way of Seattle and Spokane, Haywood suggested, to look after a matter the Western Federation had been pondering for a long time. This was a hide-away somewhere close to the Canadian border where the federation could send men who were on the lam.

It was a time of bitter labor strife, when there was ample need for such an escape from the costs of lawlessness. For twenty years the union movement had been fighting for power all over the continent, but nowhere more violently than in the hard-rock mining areas of the U. S. Thousands of employers had fought back to hold their position as dictators, with a fury that matched or exceeded that of the workers.

As bosses of the Western Federation of Miners, Moyer and Haywood had just returned to Denver from Chicago where, with two hundred other delegates, they had prepared a manifesto for the Industrial Workers of the World—the "Wobblies" as they became known. This was dedicated to the uncompromising doctrine: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common."

In the mind of Harry Orchard, the doctrine was even more simple. It was simply: kill the enemies of the Western Federation. Mostly with dynamite, he had killed at least eighteen by the time he received what was to be his final assignment from Moyer and fellow officers in 1905—to kill Frank Steunenberg.

Orchard, a Canadian born in Northumberland County, Ontario, had been a centre of mine-union violence since his arrival in 1897 in the Coeur d'Alene area of Idaho. There, at the town of Wardner, he helped to blow up a mine and fled to the Cripple Creek region in Colorado, where he killed two mine superintendents in one explosion and thirteen nonunion miners in another. He shot down Lyte Gregory, a mine-company detective, and blew up Frederick Bradley, a mine manager, Merritt Walley, an innocent

passerby, was killed in Denver when he stepped into a dynamite trap Orchard had set for Chief Justice William Gabbert of the Colorado Supreme Court.

This was the remorseless kind of killer the Western Federation officers sent after Frank Steunenberg.

For luggage Orchard took his professional kit—the black valise in which he packed a revolver, repeating shotgun and a couple of quarts of whisky. In his trunk were several changes of clothing for disguise should they be needed and a heavy alarm-clock bomb he had once prepared for Governor James H. Peabody of Colorado but had never used.

Orchard got off the train at Nampa, nine miles east of Caldwell. Knowing from Haywood that Steunenberg was in the sheep business, it occurred to Orchard that he might as well pose as a sheep buyer. In Nampa he became T. S. Hogan, from Denver, Colorado, a man looking for a chance to buy a few thousand sheep. He got the names of several people who had sheep to sell, among them Steunenberg. Then he went on to Caldwell where he registered at the Pacific Hotel, and told

the proprietor that he had been asked by a friend to see if he could buy some lambs. The proprietor mentioned that right there in Caldwell was one of the leading sheepmen of the state, Frank Steunenberg. Hogan learned that Steunenberg was just then out of town, either at Mountain Home, where his sheep range was located, or in Boise, the state capital.

Orchard went out to look over Caldwell and to observe the home of the town's first citizen, its yard enclosed by a fence with a picket gate. Then he took an afternoon train to Boise. He was still T. S. Hogan. He stayed at the Idan-ha Hotel, after learning that Steunenberg was registered. Orchard was given a room on the same floor where the ex-governor was. He started to investigate matters at once. Being a man who seems always to have devoted some attention to the work and habits of chambermaids and other hotel help, he waited until noon, "when the chambermaids were off the floor," then tried a skeleton key. It readily opened the door. He went in to look around. This might be the place to use that bomb which lay in his trunk at Nampa.

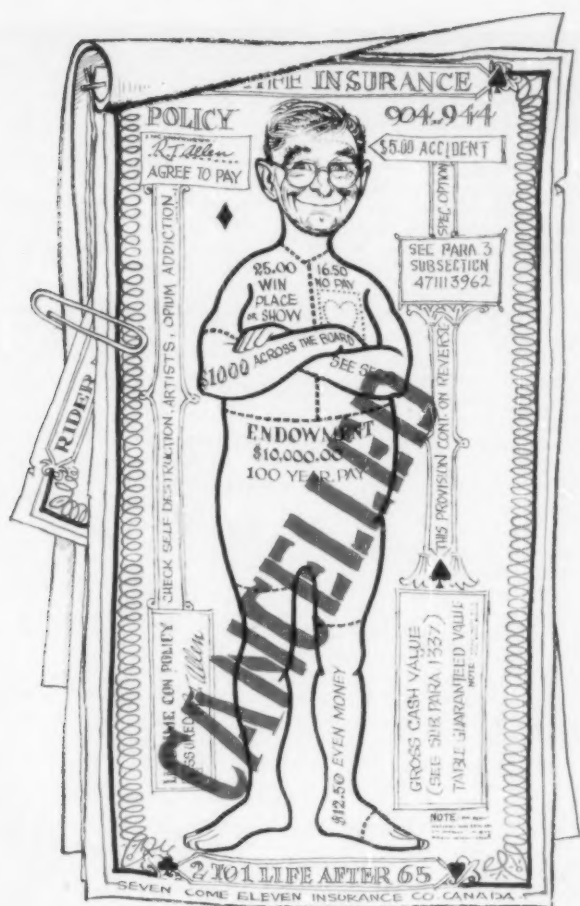
Orchard took an afternoon train to Nampa, returned to Boise in the evening, and had the trunk moved into his room at the Idan-ha. He unpacked the bomb, wound the alarm clock, pushed the bomb under his bed, and sat down to listen to its ticking. In the silence of the hotel room, Orchard's clock seemed to make a terrific lot of noise. It wouldn't do for the present work. Sitting in his chair, he contemplated the next move. He could put the bomb, minus the clock attachment, in Steunenberg's room and hitch it to the door with screw eye and line.

The bomb contained twenty-five pounds of dynamite. It would blow the hotel to pieces, he reflected, and would kill a lot of people. "I really didn't care about that," he remembered, "so long as Mr. Steunenberg was one of them. What worried me was my own chance of being caught by the explosion." He knew the ex-governor would be killed the moment he opened the door. But he could not be sure when he would return to his room. "A chambermaid might go into the room before Steunenberg did," he ruminated, "and that would spoil everything." **continued on page 55**



A different man

Once a figure of dread, Harry Orchard looked like this after 35 years in jail. He took up religion, repenting his sins.



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN says

I've got enough insurance, thanks

Bob's all for looking after the wife and kids, but he's going broke paying for the small print that protects his car against airplanes, earthquakes and revolutions



The next time an insurance agent slides a little white slip across his desk for me to sign, saying that everybody takes it because it's the cheapest kind of insurance you can get, he'd better take out a policy himself covering him for loss of time from having to straighten out his desk. I'm not adding anything else to any of my policies, and if I catch anyone trying to paste on one more little rider, at \$17.50 a year, on any of them, I'm going to paste it back on him.

I believe in insurance: I believe that I should try to see that when I die my wife won't have to sell pencils. That's what insurance used to be for. But insurance men have become the most neurotic group in the business world. I have more people worrying about all the things that can happen to me today than when I used to do handstands in my plate of Pabulum, and, up to now, I've been listening to them with my eyes popping and buying everything they suggest. It has just begun to dawn on me all the things I'm covered for.

I found the other day that I can have my

left and/or right leg broken by something falling out of an airplane and collect fifty dollars for it. This one was needled into an old policy of mine by a serious-looking young man named Herd, who told me I should have it because it was the cheapest insurance I could buy. This I don't doubt, although it might be questioned whether I need it or not.

If I die before I've finished paying off the two thousand dollars owing on my car, some kindly, benevolent company (I think they're somewhere in Connecticut) will pay the remaining payments so that my wife won't have to worry about them. I didn't know that I had this policy until yesterday when I found a white slip of paper inside my ninety-day warranty in my glove compartment. I don't know just how they got my signature on it, because as far as I can see I'm not even mentioned in it. The Economy Acceptance Corporation is the policyholder, and as far as I can make out, the beneficiary. The Sincere Insurance Company of America (herein called the Sincere) sold it. I

am known as the debtor, and ignored in the whole thing, except where I get a little green slip saying that I have paid somebody \$16.04, which was added to my financing charges, which are already as much as I used to pay for a whole car.

I've found that, providing the loss occurs within ninety days after the date of the accident, I can lose my both hands for \$10,000, both feet for \$10,000, one hand and one foot for \$10,000, both eyes for \$10,000; and that I can get \$50 a week for not more than 104 weeks if I'm wholly and continuously disabled from the prosecution of every duty pertaining to my occupation. This little side bet was nervously slipped into the folder of an automobile club by a man with a twitch in one eye. All I wanted was some maps of Arizona, and to arrange for somebody to pull my car out of mud.

One angry, noisy, shouting agent had me insured, before I realized what he was doing, so that anybody I happened to be nice enough to be driving somewhere could sue me. I paid another \$12.50 so that they

continued on next page

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

Private's Progress: a befuddled conscript (Ian Carmichael) raises the blood pressure of his sergeant (William Hartnell) in the early phases of this British military comedy. The story's irreverent satire soon goes far beyond the limited range of the usual army-camp farce. It's unlikely to aid recruiting in the Old Country but it's shrewdly designed to give audiences everywhere a pretty hilarious time.

Bigger Than Life: Although James Mason's acting in the central role is impressive, this is an overdrawn and insufficiently explained medical melodrama about a man who takes too much of a wonder drug and tries to butcher his own family.

Cast a Dark Shadow: A solid little murder thriller from Britain. It deals with a fortune hunter (Dirk Bogarde) whose elderly bride's funeral soon follows their wedding.

The Fastest Gun Alive: Spoiled in spots by calculated overefforts to be totally "different" in approach, this psychological western still achieves some tingling suspense before the payoff. A quiet good man (Glenn Ford) and a noisy bad one (Broderick Crawford) are the showdown duellists.

High Society: There is enough polish and melody here to make it an item worth catching, but it hardly measures up to the all-star potency of its participants. They include Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, and tunesmith Cole Porter. A huge-budget musical, not quite justifying all those Hollywood nickels.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Animal World: Nature story. Fair.
Away All Boats: War at sea. Fair.
The Bad Seed: Suspense and horror. Good until weak ending.
The Birds & the Bees: Comedy. Fair.
Bread, Love and Dreams: Italian comedy. Excellent.
Carousel: Music-drama. Good.
The Catered Affair: Drama. Good.
The Come-On: Crime and sex. Poor.
Dance Little Lady: Drama. Poor.
The Eddy Duchin Story: Biographical musical. Fair.
French Cancan: Music-drama. Good.
Gaby: War romance. Fair.
Godzilla, King of the Monsters: Science-fiction horror. Poor.
The Great Locomotive Chase: Civil War adventure. Good.
The Harder They Fall: Drama. Good.
Invitation to the Dance: All-ballet, no-talk musical. Fair.
John and Julie: Comedy-adventure. Good for children.
Johnny Concho: Western. Good.
Jubal: Western drama. Good.
The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.
The King and I: Music-drama. Tops.
The Ladykillers: Comedy. Good.
The Last Ten Days: German drama about Hitler. Excellent.

Leather Saint: Comedy. Fair.
The Long Arm: Detective story. Good.
Lovers and Lollipops: Comedy. Good.
The Man Who Knew Too Much: Crime and suspense. Excellent.
Meet Me in Las Vegas: Comedy with music and ballet. Excellent.
Moby Dick: Semi-mystical drama of whaling men. Excellent.
On the Threshold of Space: Factual science thriller. Good.
Patterns: Business drama. Good.
Please Murder Me: Suspense. Poor.
The Proud and Profane: Sexy war romance. Fair.
The Proud Ones: Western. Good.
Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.
Run for the Sun: Suspense. Good.
Safari: Jungle melodrama. Fair.
The Searchers: Western. Fair.
Simon and Laura: Comedy. Good.
The Solid Gold Cadillac: Big-business comedy. Excellent.
Somebody Up There Likes Me: Crime-and-boxing biography. Good.
The Swan: Romantic comedy. Excellent.
That Certain Feeling: Comedy. Fair.
A Town Like Alice: Drama. Fair.
Trapeze: Circus drama. Good.
23 Paces to Baker Street: Mystery and suspense. Good.
The Werewolf: Horror. Poor.
Wild Dakotas: Western. Poor.

could get fixed up if they hurt themselves in my car. I paid \$48 for collision or upset; nine dollars for protection from loss caused by missiles, falling objects, fire, theft, explosion, earthquake, wind-storm, hail, water, flood, vandalism, riot or civil commotion. I'm insured against theft of tools, chains and bumper jacks.

If some chimney swifts block my chimney, and somehow the smoke gets into my car and smudges the upholstery, I am covered. But I pay for it under Sub-section (B) of coverage (F) in which it states that the World Wide Guarantee Insurance Company will pay for direct and accidental loss of or damage to the automobile by smoke or smudge due to a sudden, unusual and faulty operation of any fixed heating equipment serving the premises in which the automobile is located.

If I'm shipping my car to, say, Peru, or Guatemala, or even Tibet, and the ship is sunk, or the train catches fire, I've paid enough premiums to cover this. It's something to think about on long evenings, but it's something, somehow, that doesn't bring me much comfort. I suppose it should make me happy, but I can't honestly say it does.

I can be sitting in my car out on a country road near Kleinburg, Ontario, listening to the birds and watching the waving wheat, and suddenly be caught in an earthquake, and just sit there jiggling back and forth, smiling to myself because if it gets bad enough that it swallows my car in a fissure I know I have paid somebody to take care of this. I can get my car fixed, or get a new car.

If a revolution breaks out in Toronto, and a rebel comes up and sticks something through my car, I'll get paid for the damage, or if an airplane is forced to land on top of my car I'm insured for it (although, according to the way the clause is worded, if he isn't forced to, but just does it for fun, I can't collect a cent). I pay someone for taking this

risk for me. Or even if part of an airplane falls on my car, I'm insured. This is like insuring myself against the strain on my nerves if I'm the next one picked out by The Millionaire. I'm insured against a water tower squirting water on me, or getting caught in a broken dam, but not against rain, snow or sleet, a cautious move by the insurance company if I ever saw one.

I'm already in debt trying to get enough money to buy things like Bermuda shorts for my daughters and roast beef for the family, yet I'm trying to scrape up money to protect me from things like revolutions, and I'm going to stop. Tomorrow I'm going to get out all my policies, sit down with them all around me and the phone numbers of all the agents, phone each one, tell them to get out a big fountain pen, and go through all the riders, clauses and sub-clauses with them and ask why I need them. When they snap, "Where else can you get insurance like that for an extra \$1.50 a year?" I'm going to say I don't know where else, and I don't want to know.

I'm going to tell them that I know where they can buy an old used set of bagpipes and a bird cage for a quarter and that according to their own argument they should rush out and buy them, because they can't get them cheaper anywhere else. I'm going to ask them if they ever thought what their family would do if they fell down a manhole, or inadvertently put a cigarette burn in an old master by Rembrandt worth \$50,000, or were up on a roof one day and got pulled by a boy's kite, or—by one of those rough breaks that, according to them, happen sooner or later to all of us—happened to offend a movie star and got sued for \$100,000. In fact, I'm going to scare hell out of them, starting by telling them to cancel all the riders on my policies and just leave me with the original insurance. ★



The coming battle for the Columbia

Continued from page 13



control and save it for his purposes. At present the early-summer flood of melting mountain snow spills uselessly over the American dams. If the freshet could be stored and fed out in regular volume throughout the year the output of the American power plants, now approaching 9,500,000 hp, with present construction—not another wheel added—could be substantially increased.

How glittering a prize this is can be illustrated by the fact that if all the dams and additions presently under study were built, the capacity of the Columbia in the U. S. might well be doubled. That is, another 9,500,000 hp is to be had, although not all of it would come from water now wasted in the spring floods. The Americans can gain some power by dams in their own country on tributaries of the Columbia. But most of the gain would be from water that would be stored on the Canadian side. And only Canada, controlling the sources of this annual flood, can eliminate the waste and allow the maximum use of the river.

After long engineering studies, Canada has found that much of this annual flood can be curbed by damming the Columbia at Mica Creek, north of Revelstoke. A dam there—one of the largest in Ameri-

ca, towering up some six hundred feet above the riverbed in a canyon of stone and costing perhaps a quarter of a billion dollars—would turn the fierce rapids of the Big Bend into a quiet lake some eighty-five miles long. Then the impounded water would pour through electrical turbines below the dam and, in a much better regulated flow, through the downstream American power plants, expanding their output by about eleven billion kwhrs per annum.

Such was Canada's plan to tame and use the Columbia until General A. G. L. McNaughton and his engineers of the International Joint Commission hit, a few years ago, on a spectacular alternative. Why save the wasted Columbia water for American benefit? Why not keep it in Canada and use it solely for the benefit of Canadians?

American power interests scoffed at first when General McNaughton proposed to dam the Columbia and divert part of its flow westward by a sixteen-mile tunnel into the Thompson River system, thence into the Fraser and, by an all-Canadian route, into the sea at Vancouver. When the general's engineers had found that this scheme seemed practicable, the Americans scoffed no more.



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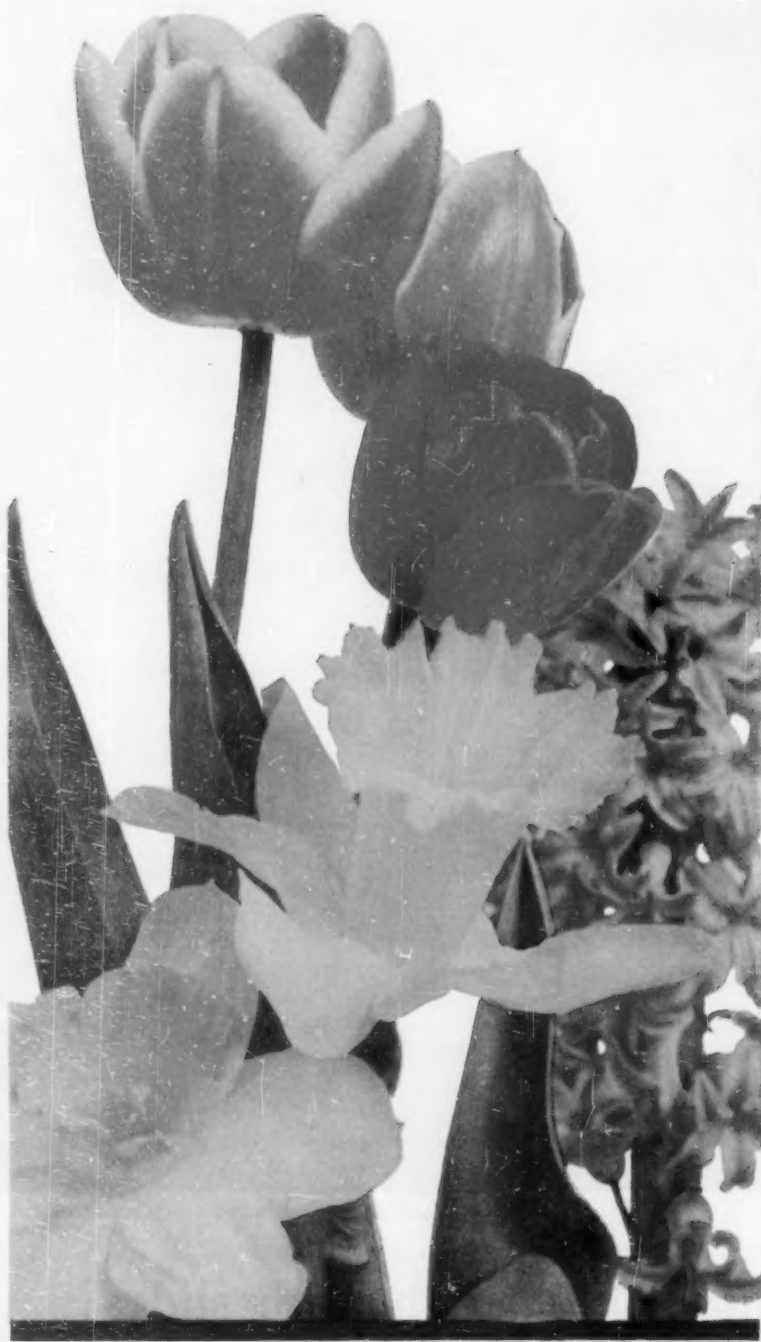
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Their government took sudden fright.

One might have supposed, from the anxious speeches in the American congress, that Canada was proposing to turn off the whole Columbia and ruin every power plant in Washington and Oregon. Actually the diversion would deprive the U. S. only of fresh water now wasted. Canada had no thought of reducing the present usable flow by a drop.

It took some time for American politicians to understand that proposition and the American public hasn't understood it yet. Even when understood, however, it does not satisfy the U. S. For the U. S. is interested not merely in conserving its present water supply but in expanding it to serve the projected expansion in its power plants and its northwest industrial complex. The diversion would instantly destroy all those hopes.

Once mentioned publicly, the diversion ceased to be mainly a problem of engineering and became a problem of international politics, the toughest single Canadian problem within the lifetime of contemporary diplomats.

Immediately American politicians denounced General McNaughton's project as an unneighborly, almost as an unfriendly, act against the United States. Senator Richard Neuberger of Oregon, whose advocacy of political union between Canada and the U. S. had been greeted by a chilling Canadian silence, told the Senate that "failure to reach agreement on a mutually beneficial program for developing the Columbia River would threaten the gravest crisis in modern United States-Canadian relations, as well as incalculable economic loss to both countries."

The first half of that statement, though doubtless intentionally exaggerated for purposes of politics and propaganda, contains much truth. Any diversion of the Columbia would provoke a major crisis between neighbors.

The second half is misleading. If Senator Neuberger means that the diversion would mean a loss to Canada he is quite wrong. On the contrary, it would mean an immense gain. From a strictly engineering and economic standpoint it seems certain that Canada can derive a maximum benefit from the Columbia only if a portion of its water is turned into the Fraser system and its energy thus retained within Canada. Thereby most of the Columbia's current would make electricity for Canada at the Mica Creek dam and downstream at the American dams. A fraction, now wasted, would spin turbines at Canadian dams along the Thompson and the Fraser.

General McNaughton reckons that this scheme would make possible the installation on the Thompson and the Fraser, below Lytton, of more than six million horsepower—which is about equal to all the power available in the St. Lawrence between Lake Ontario and Montreal.

But there are two formidable, perhaps fatal objections to the dream of the great Canadian engineers. The first is the political power of the United States which, in countless fashions, could retaliate against any Canadian breach of its interests. The second is the opposition of Canadians.

If water is diverted from the Columbia into the Fraser it cannot be used for electrical purposes until the Fraser system is obstructed by dams and those dams would threaten Canada's largest salmon-fishing industry.

It is difficult but not impossible to lift the autumn hordes of Fraser salmon over any dam and send the fish on to their spawning grounds in the distant upland creeks. Science has still to perfect a method of transporting the newly hatch-

ed fingerlings safely downstream to the sea. At some dams many of them are sucked into the turbines and destroyed.

Knowing that their livelihood would thus be imperiled by the diversion, the great fishing companies and all the fishermen of British Columbia—along with James Sinclair, federal minister of fisheries—are up in arms against General McNaughton's dream.

Their opposition alone, regardless of pressure from Washington, must give any Canadian government pause.

We have the legal right to divert the Columbia under Article II of the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909. But whether we exercise our right is a political decision that will depend upon the outcome of the negotiations between the two governments soon to begin and upon domestic considerations like the salmon fisheries. Meantime a dam on the Fraser, using only the Fraser system's own water, at Moran, just north of Lillooet, is being discussed. But most of the planning for the industrial future of British Columbia is concentrated on the Upper Columbia where there is no salmon run (the fish cannot pass Grand Coulee) and planning threatens to fall badly behind schedule.

As it charts British Columbia's probable growth of population and its consumption of electricity the provincial government faces the prospect of a power famine within a decade, unless the Columbia can be harnessed. Since a year at least will be needed to engineer the Mica Creek dam and seven years or more to build it, an early decision on the Columbia is imperative.

Our advance was a retreat

Legally that decision is Canada's and Canada's alone. In fact it is not. The Americans have not questioned Canada's lawful right to divert the Columbia. They could not do so. It is written into the Boundary Waters Treaty in unmistakable terms. But they furiously questioned the wisdom of our exercising our right.

The International Joint Commission could not be expected to agree since the two governments were completely opposed. There have been two deadlocks earlier in the commission's history of forty-seven years—on the St. Mary and Milk rivers (1930s) and the Waterton and the Belly rivers (1955). Compared to the Columbia these were mosquito bites.

The American government intimated to Canada privately but in no uncertain terms that it would never agree to the diversion of a drop of Columbia water. After months of anguished consideration, the Canadian government hit on a solution that looked like an advance but was actually a retreat. Since the International Joint Commission could not agree, the whole problem might better be dealt with by the two governments in direct diplomatic negotiations.

The Commission was instructed to continue its investigation but clearly it will mark time until the governments reach some solution.

Neither the Canadian nor the American people have yet realized how that arrangement, approved personally between Prime Minister St. Laurent and President Eisenhower at their last meeting, turns back the clock to the year 1909 and reopens an old Pandora's box.

It reveals on the one hand a strange American historical mistake and, on the other, Canada's eagerness to treat its neighbor justly, regardless of a binding contract. It also establishes, both in historic and contemporary terms, and regardless of geography, the odd but inevitable connection between the Columbia and the Yukon. Far apart on the map,

● Isn't it wonderful! You just can't avoid providing extra nutrients, vital to health, when you build menus with baker's bread. For enriched flour now in baker's bread contains "The Big 3" B vitamins, plus iron. And today bread comes in so many *varieties*—can be served so many ways! From toast in the morning till snacks at night—bread is your busy menu-builder.

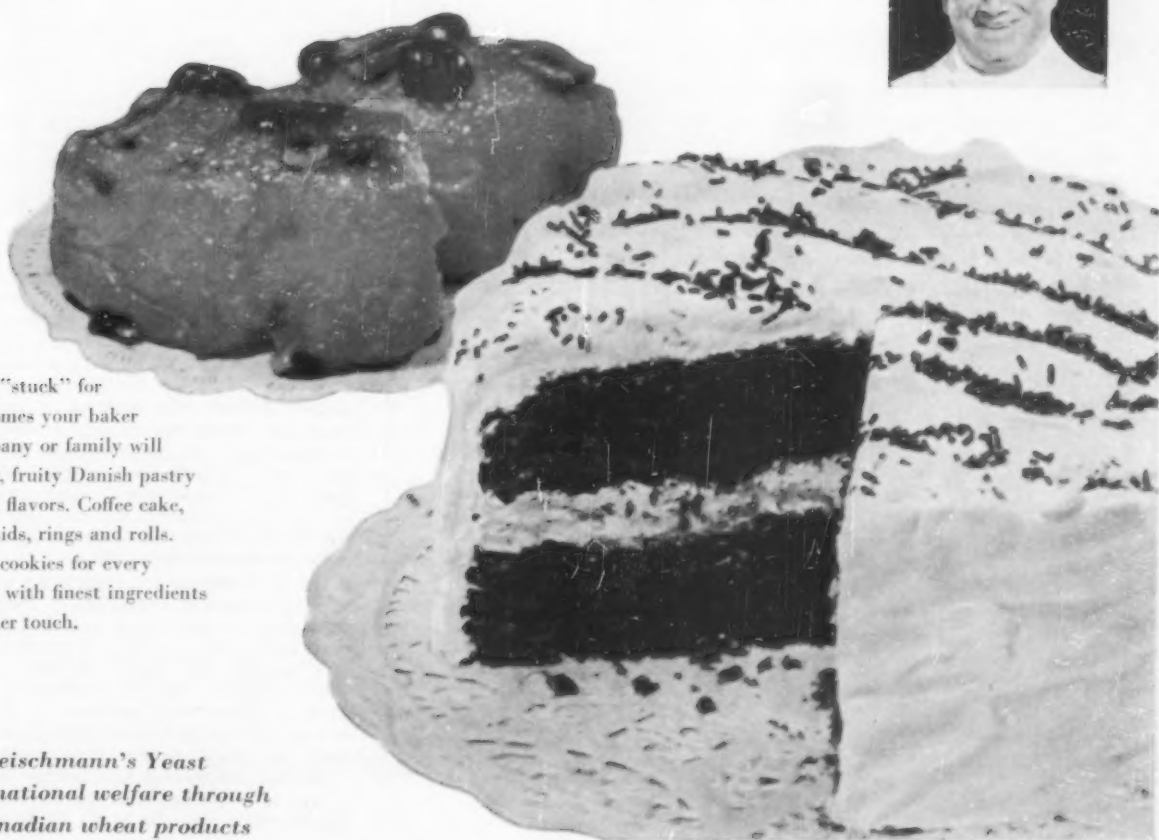


● Don't feel let down with leftovers for lunch. Pep things up with a plate of baker's rolls and you have a *menu*! At breakfast use spicy pecan rolls to pique sleepy appetites. And don't forget to doll up the dinner table with plenty of those crusty hard rolls everybody loves. Get them fresh from the baker today—serve 'em hot and crisp from the oven.

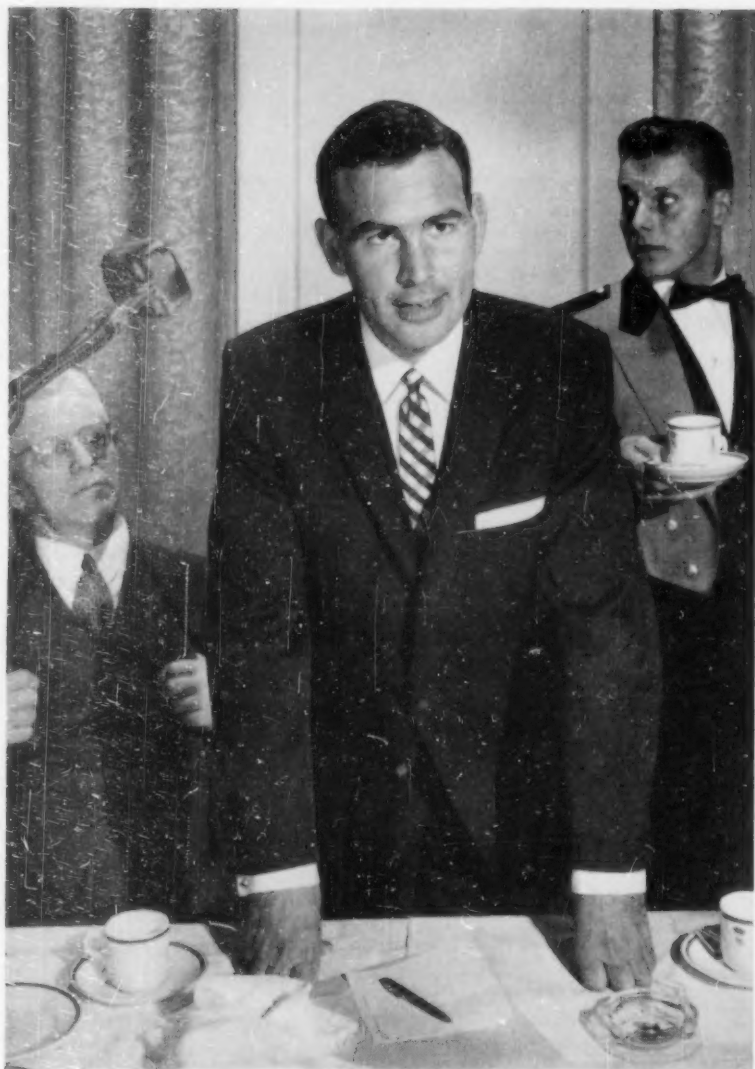
Let your Baker be your Menu Maker



● Right when you're "stuck" for dessert ideas, along comes your baker with treats your company or family will fairly revel in! Fragile, fruity Danish pastry in cunning shapes and flavors. Coffee cake, delectably iced, in braids, rings and rolls. Cakes, cup-cakes and cookies for every sweet tooth. All made with finest ingredients and your baker's master touch.



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they have long been joined in politics.

Near the end of the nineteenth century gold turned the eyes of Canada and the U. S. to the Yukon and precipitated the Alaska boundary dispute. It was settled in 1903 by arbitration and under the crudest sort of pressure from the American government of President Theodore Roosevelt with his famous Big Stick. The U. S., threatening to use force if necessary, secured the frontier it desired. Its Panhandle shut the Yukon and northern B. C. off from the Pacific.

In the opinion of the Laurier government Canada's interests had been sold out by the British representative on the arbitration commission, Lord Alverstone, to satisfy the ambitions of the United States.

The same thing had happened before, for the same reasons, when Sir John A. Macdonald was compelled by Britain to sign the Washington Treaty of 1871, settling boundary and fishery disputes.

So long as Canada's foreign affairs were managed by Britain, said Laurier, its interests would always be sacrificed for the higher purposes of imperial policy. The decisive drive for Canadian sovereignty, culminating in the Statute of Westminster twenty-eight years later, really began on the boundary of Alaska.

Smarting under the boundary defeat, Laurier laid down two lines of policy: first, Canada must secure full control of its foreign affairs. Second, its future disputes with the U. S. along the boundary must be settled under some accepted code of law; for so long as Canada's interests were subject to the naked, overwhelming power of its big neighbor, operating without rules, Canada would be the loser in every bargain.

The first objective of Canadian sovereignty was not achieved until the time of Laurier's successor, Mackenzie King. The second apparently was written permanently into the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909. It set up the International Joint Commission to regulate rivers flowing along or across the Canadian-American boundary.

All the boundary from Atlantic to Pacific, and in the far north, had been finally settled in 1903, but, as Laurier foresaw, the international rivers, shared by both nations, were certain to provoke endless disputes. The Boundary Waters Treaty would apply law instead of political pressure to these problems. In the court of the International Joint Commission, Canada, a small state not yet a nation, would be the equal of its giant neighbor.

The U. S., determined to have its own way, proceeded with enthusiasm to commit the monumental blunder of diplomacy now revealed on the Columbia.

Laurier had proposed that the treaty should apply to the international rivers of America the immemorial common law of England which holds that no man living beside a river can diminish or damage its flow to the detriment of another man living downstream. All the riparian owners are entitled to have the river come to them from above substantially in a state of nature, undiminished and uncontaminated, and they must pass the flow along in the same condition to the other owners below them.

The U. S. rejected this English law in favor of a doctrine expounded in 1895 by its then-attorney general, Judson Harmon, and known ever since as the Harmon Doctrine. The Harmon Doctrine in 1895 undoubtedly favored American interests. It held that a nation or an individual need not protect the downstream owner and could use the river at will.

Harmon propounded his doctrine in answer to a question affecting the Rio Grande which flows out of the U. S. to

become the boundary with Mexico. The question was: could the United States divert or lessen the flow of the river before it reached Mexico? His answer was an unqualified "Yes."

To argue otherwise, he said, was to argue for a "servitude which makes the lower country dominant and subjects the upper country to the burden of arresting its development and denying to its inhabitants the use of a provision which nature has supplied entirely within its own territory."

In sum, the U. S. was free to divert any river that flowed out of its territory. "In my opinion," Attorney General Harmon concluded, "the rules, principles and precedents of international law impose no liability or obligation upon the U. S."

Today, on the Columbia River, Canada stands exactly in the position of the U. S. in 1895 under the Harmon Doctrine.

In asserting its unlimited sovereignty over every drop of water within its territory, the American government was thinking of American rivers flowing southward into Mexico and northward into Canada. Unfortunately for its future, it failed to place comparable importance on the Columbia flowing from Canada.

Laurier resisted the Harmon Doctrine and accepted it under protest because he had no alternative if there was to be any agreement. Hence came the celebrated Article II of the treaty, reserving to each signatory "exclusive jurisdiction and control over the use and diversion, whether temporary or permanent, of all water on its own side of the line."

The Columbia, north of the boundary, was left entirely in Canada's hands. Article II contains only two safeguards for downstream countries: neither country shall interfere with downstream navigation in its neighbor's territory; and if any interferences or diversion in the upstream nation results in injury or damage on the other side of the boundary the injured party may sue for compensation in the upstream nation's courts as if he were a citizen of that nation.

How we lost a whole river

Damage cannot be prevented in advance by injunction. Compensation can be sought only after damage has been proved. While water is in its own territory the upstream nation can use it, dam it, contaminate it or divert it without hindrance, but if in doing so it injures the rights of the other country that are recognized by the law of the upstream nation, its own courts may require it to pay compensation to the injured parties. No law in Canada would grant compensation for the diversion of the Columbia.

Before the treaty of 1909, the U. S. applied the Harmon Doctrine ruthlessly against Canada as it had originally against Mexico. It diverted the Allagash River, flowing northward into Canada, and turned its waters into the Penobscot, a wholly U. S. river. Canada's interests were damaged. The waters of the Allagash were needed for log driving and so great was the resentment at this diversion that Canadian loggers dynamited the diversion dam. This, however, did not stop the U. S.

No damages were paid, although diplomatic protests were made. The Harmon Doctrine prevailed.

When General McNaughton began to study a diversion of Columbia water into the Fraser, however, the United States suddenly realized that the victory of the Harmon Doctrine in 1909 had become a Pyrrhic victory in 1956.

Unquestionably Canada had the right, under the treaty, to divert any Columbia water not already "dedicated" to the use

of American power plants, irrigation works or the like; and while the American members of the International Joint Commission raised some futile lawyers' quibbles, no one took them seriously. Canada's position in law could not be challenged. But the consequences of any diversion, in terms of international politics, were taken so seriously at Ottawa and Washington that the government has resolved to embark upon direct negotiations with the U. S. government.

That was a fateful decision of incalculable consequence—an abandonment of Laurier's principle of rule by law, in favor of rule by diplomacy and politics.

In one sense we are back to our old position in the Washington Treaty and the Alaska boundary award—bargaining by friendly horse traders. In another sense, we are in an entirely new position. We now control our foreign affairs without influence from London, as we did not control them in 1871 and 1903. We are not a great power but we are a formidable nation whose friendship, resources and strategic position are essential to the security of the United States.

With plenty of other troubles on its hands, the Canadian government blandly minimized these facts when it announced, without the least advance warning, that it was going to open direct diplomatic negotiations on the Columbia and seek a settlement outside the framework of the commission and, perhaps, of the Boundary Waters Treaty. This announcement could mean a return to the old bargaining process in which Canada has usually come off second best.

Does this mean any serious surrender of Canadian interests on the Columbia is necessary? No, it is not necessary. Canada's bargaining position is strong enough to assure a settlement satisfactory to both nations—provided the Canadian government plays its cards with skill and courage, and provided the American government, acting reasonably, refuses to revive the thinly disguised big-stick methods used in 1903 and 1909.

A diversion of Columbia water into the Fraser may not be practical in domestic or international politics. While there has been no official protest, the deadly opposition of U. S. interests may be taken for granted; the opposition of B. C. fishery interests has already been vigorously expressed. Apart from any diversion, however, we can still build a Canadian industrial empire on the Columbia's electrical power. And undoubtedly we shall demand more of this power than the U. S. yet realizes.

We shall have, to start with, all the electricity created by the Mica Creek dam—some 1.5 million horsepower—more than the Canadian share of power on the international section of the St. Lawrence. We can add to that supply by smaller dams on the Columbia below Mica Creek and on the various tributaries. That is not all.

Once the Columbia is tamed by the master dam on the western arc of the Big Bend, once its wild current is impounded in a placid lake and fed through the electrical turbines in regular flow, most of the present waste of the summer freshet will be eliminated. More usable water will flow into the American power plants and for these downstream benefits, created by Canada, the U. S. must, in common justice, pay a large price.

Obviously the bargaining for downstream benefits must be completed before the U. S. is assured of receiving them. Once the Mica Creek dam is in place, and a firm decision is taken not to divert, all the incentive for the United States to pay for the extra water thus sent to its plants will vanish.

The United States undoubtedly would be willing and eager to pay in cash—would be happy, indeed, to buy all the electricity, or its equivalent in water, that we are prepared to export. Regrettably, from the American point of view, Canada's basic policy, unalterable under successive governments in the last three decades, prohibits exports of electricity or its equivalent in water, except in the most exceptional circumstances.

Canada's share of the Columbia's electricity is not for export, as the B. C. government found in the famous Kaiser

deal. It agreed to allow American interests to dam Lower Arrow Lake to serve power plants south of the border, but this project was promptly quashed by the federal government.

Under Canadian policy the U. S. will be expected to pay for its Canada-financed benefits not in cash but in electricity. Canada will expect to obtain a portion of the extra electricity produced in the U. S. It will expect this power to be transmitted across the boundary into British Columbia, for Canadian use.

How much are we entitled to?

One way of deciding this would be to take the amount of additional power the Mica Creek dam will make available at the American plants and calculate how much it would cost the United States to develop this amount of power from coal. Having arrived at a dollar figure, it would be easy to calculate how much power this money would buy. A division would then be suggested; Canada might ask for the return of fifty percent of the power gained in the U. S.

This will be the true nubbin of any bargain made. If, when Canada demands



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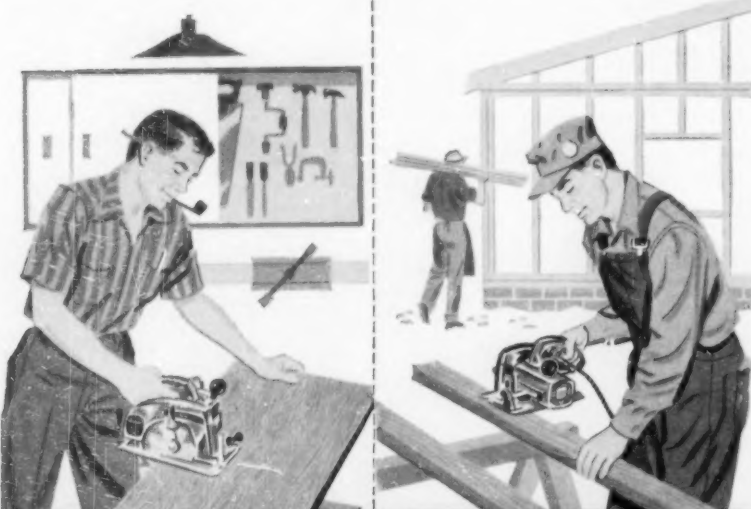


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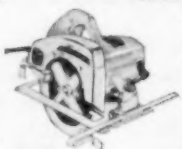


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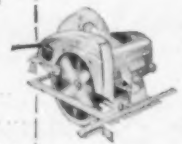
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payment in power, the United States refuses to agree, the collision will be head-on. (The negotiations will begin seriously only after the next American and Canadian elections are safely out of the way.)

To the United States the policy of Canada appears unreasonable. Surely Canada will have far more power than it can possibly use, once Mica Creek dam is built? Canada replies that its future appetite for power is insatiable.

Moreover, Canada discovered, after the First World War, that it can never recover power sold, even for a limited term of years, to the United States. Once American industries and communities had been built on Ontario's exported Niagara power, the switch could not be pulled, whatever a contract might say.

Compelled to maintain those exports by the pressure of the American government, though the contract had lapsed, Canada resolved never to enter another contract of that sort. Power exports were ruled out by the King Government and its successors as an alienation of Canada's most precious basic resource.

Yet it is true, as the Americans say, that Canada cannot immediately use all the power of Mica Creek, let alone a portion of the increased American production downstream. Should Canada agree to a temporary export of electricity? Will any power "temporarily" exported ever be recoverable when we need it? Or, as in the historic Niagara case, shall we find that the time limit on the contract cannot be enforced?

Whatever the outcome of the negotiations over the Columbia, Canada will begin them holding two trump cards.

First, it does not have to dam the Columbia for many years but, instead, can secure sufficient power on the Fraser if necessary, at the expense of damaging or ruining the salmon fisheries. Then the U. S. would not secure any of the extra power it expects on the Columbia.

Secondly, the ultimate possibility of the Columbia diversion into the Fraser can scarcely be ignored by American negotiators.

Canada also possesses, in the Yukon River, a possible ace never suspected by the United States when it rammed the Alaska boundary settlement down Canada's throat with the assistance of the British government.

That settlement gave the U. S. the Panhandle coastline and effectively barred most of the Yukon from the sea. But, east of the coastal mountains, it left all the Yukon River's headwaters under Canadian control. Though no one seems to have thought of it then, before the age of electricity, the upper waters of the Yukon contain five million horsepower and are one of the greatest unused sources of electricity in the world.

If the U. S. had realized the value of the Yukon it probably would not have agreed to a boundary award that ostensibly gave it everything it wanted. For today it desperately wants access to the Yukon's power.

The Aluminum Company of America has spent many millions of dollars surveying a scheme that would dam the Yukon's headwaters and turn part of them through the Panhandle by tunnel to the sea at Taiya, near Skagway, where the world's largest aluminum industry would be built in American territory.

For reasons unknown, Alcoa expected Canada to allow the alienation of the river, contrary to invariable Canadian policy. The Canadian government curtly rejected this ambitious proposition. The projected development of the Panhandle as a great industrial area collapsed. The Alaska boundary settlement took on a decidedly hollow look when, a few miles

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away, the great treasure of the north flowed on to the Arctic, untouchable.

The Canadian government believed and still professes to believe that the Yukon can ultimately be used exclusively by Canadians, within Canada, despite geographical difficulties.

With government approval, the Frobisher-Ventures interests of Canada have devised a plan to dam the river and turn some of its waters southwestward to the sea at the head of Taku Inlet which cuts through the Panhandle and into the Canadian territory. There and farther inland the resulting electricity would power a vast metallurgical industry.

After a fanfare of publicity that project was postponed indefinitely, although field investigations are continuing, Ventures Ltd. decided to dam the Nass, an all-Canadian stream. This project, it is understood, would fit into the larger one if the latter is undertaken later on.

This was precisely what Alcoa had expected. It believes that the Taku power scheme is impossible geographically and economically because the inlet cutting across the Panhandle there becomes too narrow for anything but small craft once it enters Canadian territory. Hence the only feasible method of harnessing the Yukon is to divert it to the sea through the Panhandle and some day, says Alcoa, Canada will have to accept the inevitable or leave the river unused.

The Canadian government rejects this reasoning, says that the Frobisher-Ventures project, or something like it, will eventually succeed and that, in any case, the Yukon will never be alienated.

The chickens of the boundary award—the true origin of the Boundary Waters Treaty—have thus come home to roost after fifty-three years' absence. The Yukon River controversy is deadlocked like that of the Columbia. The people of Alaska have begun to doubt, for the first time, the full wisdom of their diplomatic victory in 1903. They want their Panhandle, certainly—all of it—but they also want the Yukon power on which their industrial future depends.

Alaska's delegate to the American congress, E. L. Bartlett, recently devised an interesting compromise and submitted it, in a formal memorandum, to Secretary of State Dulles.

In effect, Mr. Bartlett proposes a partial repeal of the boundary award. He would give Canada an indefinite and actually permanent lease of a navigable seaport at Pyramid Harbor and a corridor from the Yukon through the Panhandle to the sea along the Chilkat River, where Jack Dalton's trail once led American gold miners to the Yukon placer fields. As the corridor would be leased but not actually transferred to Canada, there would be no surrender of American sovereignty. As no Americans live in this wilderness the rights of American citizenship would not be involved.

In payment for an unprecedented American concession Canada would allow the diversion of the Yukon through the Panhandle, the great American aluminum scheme would go ahead at Taiya, and Canada would use, at its new seaport, a half of the Yukon power to create an industrial centre tapping the resources of the Yukon and serving it with electricity.

This ingenious proposal would suit Alcoa admirably. It might well suit Canadian industrialists who need a convenient northern seaport and access to the Yukon hinterland.

But, except as an item in the negotiations, it does not suit the Canadian government. As External Affairs Minister Pearson's recent statement at Ottawa indicated, the Canadian government is not dismissing this proposition out of hand,

but, equally, is not attracted by it. Informally, the Canadian government sees no advantage in giving up half the Yukon's power for a wholly illusory lease on a corridor.

The attitude of the U. S. government is not known but the first reaction to the Bartlett memorandum in Washington was said to be unfavorable. No American government relishes a lease of American soil even to a friendly neighbor.

Whether these are the natural bargaining postures of two governments about to negotiate their largest deal of

modern times, whether the Yukon will lie on the bargaining table along with the Columbia, it is impossible at this writing to say.

We can be sure, though, when the stakes are so huge, on both rivers, when the orderly, codified procedures of the International Joint Commission are suspended in favor of diplomatic negotiation, no possibility of agreement will be ignored. Moreover, when Canadian-American commerce is heavily balanced against Canada, it seems unlikely that any Canadian government will dare fail

to drive the best possible bargain.

The possibilities are so wide and undefined that Thompson's river may be leading the good neighbors of America toward the largest settlement of their joint affairs since the Washington conference of 1871. Canada got the worst of that bargain as engineered by Britain over Sir John A. Macdonald's protest. Today an independent, far stronger Canada plays its own hand. But it still faces the unstated facts of continental power that usually override the stated facts of laws, treaties and electrical power. ★



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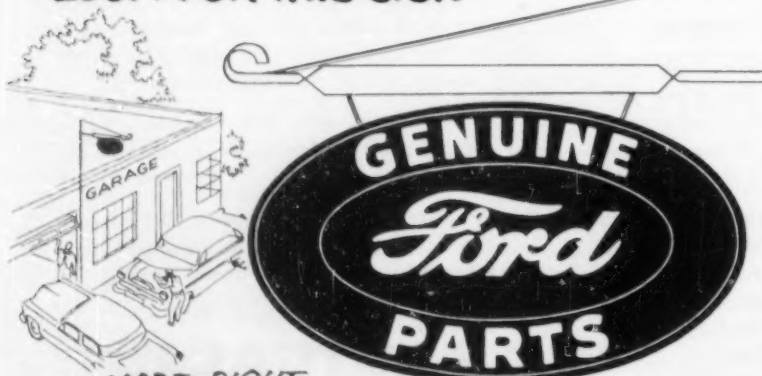


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The harvester continued from page 23

"You know what the boss'll do," the waitress said, "if he catches us feeding somebody free"

and she felt obliged to explain. "I didn't take up short-order cooking till my second husband died with his heart. He was a body-repair man. My first husband owned the biggest steam-threshing outfit in these parts."

The harvester smiled for the first time. "Fun working then," he said.

"Fun cooking then," Maggie said. "You cooked meals, not pig feed. And you fed men. But you got to change with the times."

It was a saying she had, and usually people said, "Yeah, you got to." But the harvester only dropped two coins on the counter. "Eating and everything," he said. "It was fun then."

Maggie stopped dead. Toast and coffee wasn't a pleasure for this man. It was as if someone had switched on a light in a shadowed recess of her memory. She stopped suddenly and forgot the hamburger she'd neglected to take out of the freezer the night before, and she was a young woman again, just come to her brother's homestead from Ontario. She remembered the young men coming west at harvest time; the trainloads of young men, laughing, shouting, singing, fighting over a pretty girl, pitching bundles all day and dancing half the night. She remembered now: city boys with blistered hands, their jaws set hard beneath their smiles, countrymen from the eastern valleys, staring in disbelief at the broad plains. She remembered sixteen strong men at a plank table, threshers eating like threshers and praising the cook by the way they glanced at a steaming dish: one man eating enough for three and topping it off with a wedge of her famous Dutch apple pie. And she saw, in her mind's eye, a hundred lean, bronzed, handsome harvesters, licking their pie plates clean and glancing up with sheepish grins and asking for more.

And suddenly, standing there with a dirty dishcloth in her hand, remembering—suddenly she saw this one, bent, lonely, ill-fed survivor, this one old harvester from all that migrant crowd of young men. And she stared at his gnarled brown hands shaped to fit a pitchfork handle; empty hands that once lifted a grain-heavy bundle or a washtub full of lunch or a laughing girl. She saw the old brown suit coat, too big over the new bib overalls and the checkered cotton shirt. She stared and forgot about cold cereals and club sandwiches and cake mix. And she pushed back the nickel and dime and she signaled the old harvester to follow her into the kitchen.

WHEN the waitress came to work she fluttered in at the kitchen door like an injured bird and pleaded, "Please, Maggie. You know what the boss said."

"Shhh," Maggie said. "You know," the little waitress insisted. "You know what he'll do if he catches us feeding somebody free."

Maggie raised a stained square finger to her lips. "See?" she said, and with a slight nod she indicated the old harvester bent over the kitchen table.

The little waitress only frowned her disapproval.

Maggie dropped her hands into her apron pockets and pointed again by staring intently at the harvester's boots, hooked around the legs of the backless chair. "See?" she repeated.

The harvester's boots were as new and shiny as the neckties in a country store. Their black toe caps were not stubble-worn. The new bib overalls were not frayed at the cuffs.

The waitress saw now, saw the absence of wear and understood, and nodded with pity and reluctance.

"Just keep the boss out of the kitchen till after breakfast," Maggie said. She handed the waitress an empty tray and turned again to her task.

She would fill an order for ham and eggs or hot cakes, and then she would turn to the old harvester and serve him another helping of riced potatoes and dumplings and gravy and another slice of roast beef. "Just like it used to be, old-timer," she would say. "Holler if you want more."

Usually he nodded and leaned away from his plate to let her dish up more creamed carrots or buttered peas or corn on the cob. But one time he said, "No hurry at dinnertime, ma'am. We got to wait for the horses to eat."

It was then Maggie realized he wasn't quite all there any more.

He was eating heartily and did not notice when Annie Melnyk, the waitress, complained, and Maggie thought he did not notice later when Annie stuck her head through the windowlike opening that joined the kitchen to the café. "Where are those sausages, Maggie? The customer's in a hurry, and the boss just got here and he'll be asking about them in a minute."

"Be ready in a jiffy," Maggie said. Annie sniffed and looked around and saw the pie sitting on the window ledge to cool; saw the crisscrosses of flaky crust and the rich cinnamon color and the sweet, mouth-watering promise of sliced apples in creamy sauce. "Maggie, we'll get our walking papers if the boss sees that. He told you never to make Dutch apple pie because pie mix is cheaper, and he'll know you didn't make it to sell."

"Keep him glued to his cash register," Maggie said, and she slid a plate of sausages through the window to Annie. "We can't quit at this stage of the game."

The old harvester raised up and looked around from the table. "Ma'am."

"Maggie Winters," Maggie said. "Mrs. Winters," the harvester said. "I'm afraid I'm causing you a lot of trouble. I'd better leave."

"There's no hurry. We'll let you know whenever there's a ride out of town."

"I'm getting a job here," he said. "I'll pay you as soon as I get a job."

"Forget it," Maggie said. She slapped a slice of pressed ham into a pan. "Don't worry about it."

The old harvester pulled a cheap pocket watch from the pocket on the front of his bib overalls. "It's nearly nine," he said. "The farmers'll be in any minute now, looking for help. Will that little girl tell them I'm here?"

Maggie flipped the ham over. "She'll



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tell them. Don't worry." She moved over
to the sink to wash some of the pans she
had used to prepare the big dinner.

The harvester looked around to see
that his things were not in the way. When
he came into the kitchen he took off his
coat and hung it on a nail, and then he
carefully lay his faded cap on the floor
beneath it, and he placed his new kan-
garoo tan leather gloves in the cap. He
rolled up his shirt sleeves and the sleeves
of his woolen underwear, and he turned
his shirt collar under, and Maggie was
confused for a moment, for she had for-
gotten. Then she remembered and hur-
riedly cleared the sink, and the harvester
washed, scrubbing his neck and ears as
if he had been in dust and chaff, blowing
vigorously as he lifted the cold water to
his face with both hands and rubbed, and
he ran his wet hands back over his
heavy grey hair when he finished. And
after he dried, using Maggie's towel, he
went to his suit coat for a comb and
slicked his hair down meticulously.

BY that time Maggie had the table set
and a bowl of noodle soup waiting,
and she changed her apron when he
wasn't looking, and brushed at her own
grey hair. And she remembered how she
always put on a clean and freshly starched
dress before the threshers came in.

Now the harvester pushed himself back
from the table and fished inside the bib
of his overalls to a shirt pocket for his
papers and tobacco.

"Just a minute," Maggie said. "Your
dessert will be ready in a minute." She
wanted to stall him while the pie cooled,
and she asked, "Have you been through
this country before?"

"I had a thirty-two-day run here. That's
why I came back."

"That was quite a few years ago,"
Maggie said.

"Only twenty-four years. Twenty-four
years this fall. Thirty-two days without a
breakdown or a stop for the weather. But
it was snowing the afternoon we finished.
The bundle teams raced in from out in
the field with the pitchforks bouncing on
the empty racks and the men shouting to
each other. And by the time they got un-
hooked the ground was white. It sort of
made you want to sing."

Maggie nodded.

"The farmer was a man from Bruce
County, and he had a keg of beer and
some cheese and crackers and dill pickles
and homemade sausage waiting, and we
went to work and cleaned that all up.
And then we went into town." The har-
vester rubbed his knuckles. "A crew from
the next town was in the beer parlor,
and we started mentioning how much
wheat we could thresh in a day, and we
took a dislike to the way they suggested
our figures might not be exact. So we up
and threw them out of the place. We had
a Swede from up near Camrose who
could pick up a man in each hand. He
must have been seven feet—"

"That was twenty-five years ago," Mag-
gie said. "My first husband was still alive.
We got threshed that fall, but our neigh-
bors didn't, and Ben helped them, dig-
ging the stooks out of the snow. They
threshed one morning when it was twenty-
seven below."

"I slept in a straw-pile bottom on a
night when it was just about that cold,"
the harvester said. "That was my second
year west. But it got warm when it start-
ed to snow, and in the morning my boots
were clean out of sight. We threshed all
that day out of a stack and spent half the
next night on the open prairie, moving
the outfit eighteen miles."

"I was cooking for a steam outfit my
second year out here," Maggie said. She
wiped her hands on her apron and lean-

ed against an old meat block. "Used to
take a team and democrat and drive into
town for groceries once a week. I re-
member one time a cowboy followed me
on his saddle horse for three hours, try-
ing to make a date for a dance over at
the MacFarlanes' house. He was carrying
a real six-shooter." She smiled. "But if
my crew had seen him they'd have skinned
him all—"

"Hey, Maggie!"

It was Annie Melnyk's voice at the
little window. "Quick! Where's that order
of fried eggs?"

"Lordie me, I forgot!" Maggie said.
She heaved her heavy body up off the
meat block and with a sigh picked up two
eggs in one hand and cracked one on the
edge of a frying pan. "Help yourself to
the pie," she told the harvester.

WHILE Maggie waited for the eggs
to fry she remembered other har-
vesters; young men who made a stake
and didn't come back, or better still,
young men who came and stayed. They
homesteaded, waiting for spring, endur-
ing the long winter in tar-paper shacks
set on the bald prairie. They watched the
nail heads whiten with frost and, watch-
ing, remembered with hidden tears the
joys of the past. They dreamed with a
bursting eagerness the great lonely
dream of the future; turned the grey sod
black in their dreams, loved beautiful
women, built gracious homes. And
through the long dark nights they huddled
in thin blankets and listened to the
wind.

And they were old and prosperous
now; men who had jabbed their fork
tines into the dry earth and squatted on
a stook and passed around a jug of water;
weary men who had tugged a package of
makings from a sweaty shirt pocket; men
who had known the comradely warmth
of "Care to roll one?" And they blew
lazy clouds of expensive smoke now, and
wintered in front of television sets, and
paid cold cash for their wives' fur coats.

But here was one old man, still wan-
dering, still sitting up all night in a day
coach, watching the yellow fields appear
in the dawn. Still drifting back and forth,
stubborn and stupid, Maggie thought.
And she, just as stubborn and just as
stupid, and too old to boot, was risking
her own and the waitress' job, just to give
him one square meal. Just to feed one
old harvester who wasn't quite right in
the head anymore. He had caught her at
a soft moment and now she regretted it,
and she turned on him, roughly. "Just
what do you do in the wintertime?"

"The bush," he said. "I get a job in the
bush just north of Lake Superior."

I might have guessed it, Maggie
thought: the prairie and the forest. One
old man living like the sole surviving
member of a tribe, wandering onto the
prairie in the summer, back into the
shelter of the forest in winter. "You got
to change with the times," she told him.
"What's a field pitcher nowadays?"

The old man straightened up and turned
with a polite and indestructible pride.
"A good field pitcher can make a thresh-
ing crew," he said. "He ain't just the man
who helps the teamsters load the bundle
wagons."

"I didn't say that," Maggie said.

"Give me a twenty-eight-inch machine
and six greenhorns and six new teams,
and by the end of a week they'll be a
threshing outfit."

"I'm not arguing," Maggie said. But
now she was losing her temper at his
blind perseverance. "I'm not arguing
about that."

"Give me six dudes," the old man
said, "and by the end of a week they'll
know how to build a load of bundles



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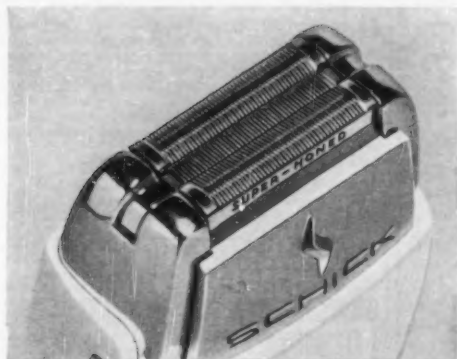
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that won't slide out and will still be easy to pitch into the feeder. They'll know how to lift a fork all day without breaking their backs, and they'll just wear gloves in the morning while it's cold, and they'll have calluses instead of blisters."

"Sure," Maggie said. Her anger was a lump in her chest now. "That's just fine. That's great. But you got to change. My boss doesn't break his back doing anything and he doesn't wear gloves except at funerals and he doesn't get any hand-outs from anybody—and his calluses are all on his behind."

The harvester looked away and his voice dropped almost to a whisper. "Give me a new teamster and a team just in off the range, which is all you can find nowadays, and where will you find a man to train them? I've taught grown men how to tie the reins to the rack and how to turn by touching a pitchfork to the reins. These new men don't know what gee and haw mean, let alone do the horses know. And when I get finished, a team won't always be trying to eat a stook, and it won't run away if some partridges fly up, and it won't be scared of the tractor."

Maggie slid the fried eggs and an order of toast out to Annie. "I understand," she said. She was ashamed of herself, but her anger was still a tight dry knot. "A good team is just dandy. Except they got combines now—self-propelled. They do the work. They work day and night when the weather's fine. And when it rains you don't have men and horses standing around idle."

The harvester looked up at the ceiling and paused before he answered. "I imagine it don't rain too often in here."

"Eat your pie," Maggie said. "Those rainy days were good ones," the harvester said, "even if they didn't make much money. We'd lay in the bunk shack all day and listen to the rain on the roof and listen to it hissing where it ran down the stovepipe. And I'd play Prairie Redwing or something on the mouth organ and you'd hear feet keeping time or somebody humming maybe, and after everybody was slept out there'd be a game of rummy and maybe some sock mending to do, and there'd be good talk about other places and riding the rails and the good times we'd had."

"And you'd eat too much and sleep some more," Maggie said.

"If we had a good cook. And sometimes we'd hit a poor one, and we'd work like the devil to get off the place, and one hour before suppertime some evening a good cook would get word that she was getting the threshers."

"That happened to me more than once," Maggie said. But this time she was only soft for a moment. "Now I could give them a short-order hamburger."

"Maggie!"

It was the waitress.

"What now?"

"That hamburger. Did you forget it?"

"Hold your horses. It was half-frozen."

"It's for the boss."

"Lordie me," Maggie said. She pressed down on the grease-spitting hamburger with a spatula. "We're done for."

"There's a trucker outside," Annie said. "In a yellow oil truck. He's going up the line a-ways."

"Quick," Maggie said, turning to the harvester. She picked up his cap and gloves and took his coat off the nail. "Go out the back door and around to the front, and a man in a yellow oil truck is waiting for you."

"Is there threshing up the way he's going?"

"There'll be something or other. Quick."

The harvester stood up and started putting on his coat. "Excuse me, ma'am,

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but could I take a piece of that pie with me?"

"Sure, anything," Maggie said. She pulled the waxed paper off a loaf of bread and turned to cut the pie. The harvester had eaten half.

"Hurry," Annie said. "The boss is coming."

The harvester slid the wedge of pie into his suit-coat pocket and went to the back door. But in the doorway he stopped.

Maggie raised her hand as if to shoo him along, but he would not be interrupted, and he thanked her quietly and politely. Maggie stopped pushing as he talked, and he only stepped away as the boss elbowed Annie aside and stuck his head in at the serving window.

"Where the hell's that hamburger?"

Maggie turned from the open door and saw the pinched sorrow face in the little window, like a portrait come to life in its frame, and she did not say a word. She went to the stove and flipped the half-done patty of meat out of the pan, onto an open bun. She slapped it onto a plate and dumped raw onions and relish and mustard onto and around it. She tilted a ketchup bottle upside down and hit the bottom with the palm of her hand, and ketchup splattered the hamburger and the boss's hand.

"Watch out, that stuff costs money. Don't waste—"

Maggie spun the plate across the counter toward the window.

The boss caught it in self-defense and started to shout. But his eyes grew puzzled and he picked up the hamburger and pushed it woodenly into his gaping mouth, and he retreated from the little window.

Annie Melnyk, frightened and astounded, burst in at the kitchen door. "What's the matter?" she whispered. "What's—"

Maggie's face was as radiant as a child's. Her set mouth was smiling softly and her eyes were bright and two tears clung to the cheeks of her tired, careworn, sweaty, red face. "He remembered," Maggie said. She caught her rough stained hands together in front of her apron like a woman recalling a lover. "After twenty-five years, he still remembered. He called me Mrs. Rinehart."

"You're Mrs. Winters," Annie said. "Don't you feel—"

"Rinehart," Maggie said. "My first husband's name. After twenty-five years he still remembered Mrs. Rinehart. He remembered my Dutch apple pie!"

Annie shrugged and noticed the pan sizzling empty on the stove and moved it, and outside a truck roared and was gone.

And then, in the quiet morning air, there was only the distant drone of the combines. ★



MACLEAN'S

Is noise making you sick? continued from page 21

an urgent problem that hasn't been recognized enough." In factories more people are exposed to injurious noise than ever before. Noise is increasing faster than we can cope with it, even though our belated awareness of its dangers has forced us to adopt new approaches to building, community planning, automobile and aircraft design, industrial processes and hygiene, and the relationship

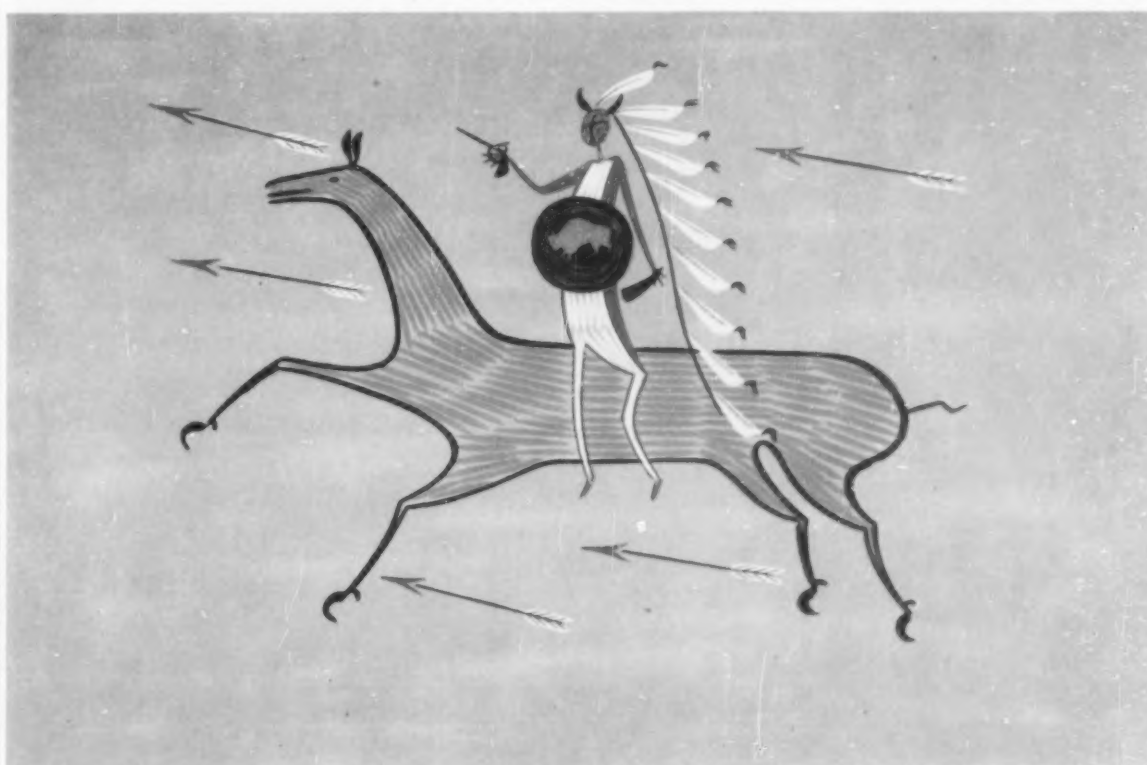
between labor and management.

Three things have accelerated recent noise research. First, the production of jet aircraft, with their peculiarly penetrating high-intensity whine. Second, the development of instruments for measuring noise. Third, the alarming increase in claims for compensation for deafness made by workers in U. S. industries.

Basically, sound is assessed in two

ways—its loudness is measured in decibels and its pitch is measured in cycles per second—and we generally find loud sounds and high-pitched sounds more annoying than soft and low-pitched noises. Ragged irregular sounds are usually more disagreeable than harmonious ones. But each of us responds to noise in such a highly personal way that we can't define it except as "unwanted sound."

In the United States occupational deafness suddenly became a national problem in 1948, when the New York State Court of Appeals touched off a scramble



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for claims by listing it as a ground for compensation. It's estimated that in such highly industrialized states as New York, New Jersey and Wisconsin there are now more claims for occupational deafness than anyone can afford to pay.

So far the compensation problem isn't as urgent in Canada, where each case is settled by the decision of a Workmen's Compensation Board rather than by litigation. Even in provinces such as Ontario, British Columbia and Alberta, where occupational deafness has been a ground for compensation for several

years, few claims have been made because the worker has to show not only that he's deaf, but that his deafness is lessening his working ability.

Even without a price tag, deafness is the most serious result of noise because it's often permanent. Continued exposure to very loud noise destroys the hair cells in the inner ear, tiny links in the chain of ear mechanisms that transmit sound to the brain. A committee of experts recently reported to the New York State Workmen's Compensation Board that most people exposed to noise levels

above one hundred and twenty decibels—such as the noise of some pneumatic tools—for several hours daily will suffer permanent damage in a matter of months. A few highly susceptible people may be deafened by years of steady exposure to noise below the hundred-decibel level—the amount of noise made by a heavy transport truck going uphill.

The fact that some people are much more likely to go deaf than others, long suspected by ear specialists, was demonstrated in an experiment made at the University of Toronto in 1952 by Dr.

John E. Goodwin and John B. Gallagher. They exposed a group of subjects to a hundred and fifteen decibels of noise for ten minutes—enough to cause a slight temporary loss of hearing. "About half of them," says Gallagher, "had only a small hearing loss from which they quickly recovered, but the other half had their hearing ability cut by an average of about thirty-seven and a half decibels and they took longer to come back to normal." After repeating the test under factory conditions, with similar results, the researchers suggested that their experiment might be used by employers to spot noise-susceptible workers and keep them out of unsuitable jobs.

Early in this century some factory owners placed partly deaf men in positions exposed to high-intensity noise, on the theory that you can't spoil a rotten apple. This practice has been discarded since doctors learned that any damage to your ears makes them more susceptible to further injury.

The inner-ear damage produced by noise is particularly harmful because you may suffer hearing loss for months without noticing it. The level at which sound may injure your ear is below the level at which you first feel pain. Since this type of deafness begins by cutting off your ability to hear high-pitched sounds, you may not be aware of it until it reaches the point where you have trouble hearing the middle range of sounds that includes speech. A similar but less abrupt pattern of hearing loss is part of the natural process of aging; even under normal conditions your hearing starts to decline before you're thirty.

Most of the time we accept noise as a natural hazard like rain. It's only occasionally that someone remembers that noise, unlike weather, is most often man-made and frequently unnecessary, and launches a spectacular protest. In Coventry, R.I., for instance, a sixty-two-year-old woman was so furious at being awakened by a helicopter that she peppered it with a shotgun. Prisoners at Langhulme penitentiary in Sweden blamed a 1954 rash of breakouts and narcotic smuggling on jazz music from a nearby fair ground. "After all," they complained, "we were sentenced to hard labor, not torture."

A man in Montgomery, Ala., was fined for barking back at dogs who kept him awake. And a Toronto woman called up an executive of a chocolate company at two in the morning to object to the noise of his coconut-breaking machines. "From the sound you would imagine that a horse is trying to kick the end out of a barn," she testified later in court. "It is a wild horse but it is unable to kick the barn out so it falls through the floor."

One of the earliest crusaders against noise was Mrs. Julia Rice, of New York City, who claimed that a tooting tugboat on the Hudson River interfered with her peace of mind. Not content with winning a lawsuit against the steamboat company, in 1904 she founded the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, which later became the National Noise Abatement Council.

In Britain the Noise Abatement League was formed in 1933 under the leadership of the late Lord Horder, physician to the royal family, who announced, "Doctors are definitely convinced that noise wears down the human nervous system, so that both the natural resistance to disease and the natural recovery from disease are lowered."

Perhaps in reaction to the Jazz Age, when apartment living, loud radios and clattering roadsters first made noise fashionable, practically everyone in the Thirties made it the whipping boy for almost every evil. Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, a British doctor, suggested that

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the worker whose sleep was disturbed by noise might turn to drink or drugs, and Prof. George Robertson, a psychiatrist, commented, "Noise causes nervous and mental exhaustion, leading to neurasthenia. Undoubtedly loss of sleep is one of the causes of insanity."

In 1934 Prof. G. R. Anderson, of the University of Toronto, predicted that the noise of a big city would drive its inhabitants insane within a few years unless it was restricted, while author J. B. Priestley wrote, "It may not be long before quietness is the most expensive luxury on the market."

Even more extravagant charges were hurled against ultrasound—sound pitched so high that it's inaudible to the human ear. Workers in jet stations in the Forties blamed ultrasound for fatigue, nausea, headache and loss of muscular co-ordination. But Dr. Walter A. Rosenblith, associate professor of Communications Biophysics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says, "There is definite evidence that ultrasonic frequencies at the energy levels generated by current aircraft power plants do not constitute a hazard to man."

Even if ultrasound isn't dangerous, its effects are bizarre. Because it's converted to heat when it strikes an object, ultrasound can pop popcorn, kill insects or burn your fingers. A company that installed an ultrasonic burglar alarm found its floor littered with the bodies of mice slain by sound. Ultrasound has been used to make meat tender by tearing apart its fibres, to pasteurize milk and to whip up milkshakes in seconds. In industry ultrasonic equipment is used to remove grease from metals and to detect flaws in materials. Medical researchers are investigating the possibility of ultrasonic treatment for neuritis, rheumatoid arthritis, bursitis and various disorders of tendons. Some German scientists claim it can be used against certain forms of cancer, but most doctors on this continent are less optimistic.

The question of whether noise of normal pitch and intensity affects our working ability is equally controversial. Tests have shown, for instance, that typists expend nineteen percent more energy in noisy surroundings. But Dr. E. B. Newman, chairman of the Department of Psychology at Harvard University, points out that a life-insurance company, pleased when soundproofing increased its office output, was astonished to find that its workers kept right on at their new high level after some of the acoustic material was removed. The thing that had boosted their efficiency wasn't the reduction of noise; it was the discovery that the company was concerned about their working conditions.

A recent Paris campaign against traffic noise has led to an impressive drop in the accident rate. In September 1953 the city had 2,607 automobile accidents; in the same month in 1954 the accident total dropped to 1,712, although there were more cars on the streets. On the other hand, the accident rate has risen in Rome since that city clamped down on noise in 1950.

But even the most ardent apologists for noise can't deny its peculiar power to harass us. Why does noise upset us? Partly because we can't escape a disagreeable sound as we can avoid an annoying sight. We don't have to look at the unsightly excavation down the street, but the bulldozers that dig it assault our ears all day long. We have no control over other people's noise.

On the other hand, the sound of our own hammering, shouting or off-key whistling doesn't bother us because we can turn it off whenever we like, and

because we know what's coming next. We enjoy the feeling that noise is working for us; the sound of our own food mixer or outboard motor gives us a sense of accomplishment. Factory workers sometimes consider noise a sign of plant prosperity, so their jobs are secure.

Some people grow so used to working in the midst of thundering machinery or hammering typewriters that they can't work in a quiet room. They find that high-level noise masks all other distracting sounds and helps them to concentrate. A Montreal woman spending a holiday

in a house beside a power station near Shipshaw, Quebec, was soon so used to the noise of the station's waterfall that she once woke up in the middle of the night, startled by the silence when the dam was suddenly closed.

All of us, attuned to some degree of noise, would find the complete absence of noise more exhausting than the loudest common noises. The U. S. Army, testing an absolutely quiet room, found that no one could stand more than thirty minutes in a silence broken only by his own breathing and the beating of his heart.

Our reaction to sudden noises is partly due to the close link between noise and fear. From the days when primitive tribesmen terrified their enemies with tom-toms and Joshua's priests demolished the walls of Jericho with trumpets, to the nights when Hitler harried the people of Britain with bombs, noise has always warned of danger. According to an experiment undertaken by Dr. John B. Watson, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, newborn babies have only two fears that are instinctive, not learned—fear of falling and fear of noise. Less than ten years

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ago a seven-year-old girl was frightened to death when a motorist suddenly honked his horn as she crossed a street in San Diego, Calif. Normally healthy, she ran home in a nervous state, developed convulsions and died.

Your body responds to startling sounds with characteristic fear reactions. Your muscles contract, making you jump involuntarily. Your pulse beats faster, your breath comes more quickly, your blood pressure rises, your saliva and gastric juices flow more slowly and the normal action of your stomach slows down. "Noise may seriously affect the normal digestive functions and help to cause so-called nervous indigestion," says Dr. James L. McCartney, of New York. "Of all the hazards of noise, the effect upon the nervous system is the most serious."

If you work for some time in high-intensity noise, you feel a sense of pressure that warns you your body is reacting to stress. Because it has to stay constantly on guard against this stress, your nervous system begins to show signs of strain — fatigue, irritability, dizziness, vomiting, muscular weakness, blurred vision. Very loud noise activates the adrenal cortex, the outer layer of the glands that stimulate your body's reaction to all kinds of stress. If the noise is too severe or too prolonged, this cortex may produce too much of its adrenocortical secretion, and thus throw your whole body off balance.

Intense noise may even precipitate epileptic seizures in people and animals subject to them. In 1940 N. R. F. Maier, of the University of Michigan, used bells, buzzers, jangling keys and hissing jets of air to send rats into violent convulsions. "The epileptic individual would be in an extremely hazardous location in the noise field surrounding a jet engine," says Dr. Arthur A. Ward, Jr., of the University of Washington.

How does this stress show up in men who work in noise levels up to one hundred and fifty decibels? Dr. Ward C. Halstead, of the University of Chicago, questioned ten men working on jet maintenance and found that nine of them had trouble sleeping and relaxing at home. Most of them tuned radio or television too loud for other listeners. Several admitted they were short-tempered, and complained of lessened sexual power.

When your nerves are already frayed by illness, worry or fatigue, some noises assume a significance out of all proportion to their intensity. A crying baby has been known to drive its frantic mother to murder. Your resentment of your neighbor's blaring TV set may stem partly from envy if you don't own one yourself.

You may be emotionally involved with noise even if you're the person who makes it. A 1948 survey of the effect of noise on two thousand British families found that people suffered more from the fear of disturbing the neighbors than from the noise the neighbors made.

"Noise is often made the burden of complaint that has deeper causes as well," Sir Frederic Bartlett, of Cambridge, once pointed out. "A man, tired, run down, bored, maladjusted, uninterested, seizes upon anything outstanding from his environment to explain to himself and to others the unsuccess that life has brought him. Noise is one of the things that stands out prominently on almost any background. So it is not too much to say that whenever, in any community, a sweeping and passionate condemnation of noise is popular, there are almost certainly a lot of ill-adjusted people."

The most vigorous antinoise campaigns are being waged south of the border. While New York and Philadelphia are trying hard to reduce traffic noise, Mem-

phis, Atlanta and Jacksonville claim to have succeeded. Last year Canada's most urgent noise problem—paper-mill noise—was solved by the ingenious inventions of Dr. George Thiessen, head of the Acoustics Group in the Division of Applied Physics at the National Research Council. One of the machines that turn pulp into paper is the couch roll, a huge perforated cylinder that sucks the water out of the wet pulp. The air rushing back through the holes into the cylinder has such a powerful, high-pitched screech that many workers are partly deaf by

the time they reach middle age.

Using calculations so intricate that they had to be worked out by an electronic brain at the University of Toronto Computation Centre, Thiessen designed a new couch roll with the holes drilled in a spiral pattern, so that the sound waves cancel each other out. The new design worked so well that it will be used in all couch rolls produced from now on. Thiessen also suggested ways to modify the couch rolls currently in use, since their cost—forty to fifty thousand dollars—prevents mills from scrap-

ping them before they wear out.

Just as a stopgap, Thiessen solved a puzzle that has baffled industrialists for years—how to make an ear protector that really keeps out noise. Although ear plugs work better than soft sponge-rubber ear muffs, most people find the muffs more comfortable. Thiessen designed an ear muff that would be hard and soft at the same time—hard enough to keep out vibration, soft enough to fit the contours of the head. His answer was a doughnut-shaped vinylite sheath fitted around the ear and filled with a

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mixture of water and glycerine. The liquid is soft until it's fitted around the ear, then it's held rigid under pressure by the headband.

In the long run the best way of fighting noise is to eliminate its source. Factories can be designed so that noisy machines are isolated or enclosed, and serviced regularly to keep moving parts oiled and worn parts replaced. Apartments and offices can be fitted with air conditioning to isolate them from the noise outside.

City noise can be controlled by the enforcement of anti-noise bylaws, forbid-

ding unnecessary noise such as loud horn-honking and unmuffled cars and trucks. Communities can provide parks and tree-lined boulevards to absorb noise.

Architects can equip houses with acoustic material to offset the fact that today's bright bare rooms with their skeletal Scandinavian furniture and wide windows reflect sound, whereas the overstuffed chairs, heavy curtains and voluminous clothing of our grandmothers tended to absorb it.

Wherever we live and work, we can help to eliminate noise by making quiet-

ness a habit. If we keep our children from shouting under the neighbor's window when he's sleeping late on Sunday morning, he's less likely to retaliate by playing his hi-fi at top volume after midnight. By refusing to buy noisy equipment we can force manufacturers to silence their products.

After all, practically every noise that assaults our ears today is made by man or one of his inventions. Noise is the product of our own wit and audacity, and the power—and the responsibility—of controlling it is in our hands. ★



For the sake of argument

Continued from page 4

natural man of the more primitive peoples. As long as and wherever men have hunted animals for food they have killed only according to their actual needs, and have at all times felt themselves to be as truly a part of nature as the creatures they hunted. With the change to agriculture and industry we have become too conscious of our possessions, too antagonistic to any creatures who compete with us in any way for space or food, and in more recent times, too cut off by bricks and stones and other things from any real contact with the nonhuman world. Most persons in our advanced and intermittently bloody civilization ask what good is it when shown any small but strange creature, on the assumption that the earth was created and planted and stocked solely for our exclusive benefit, although with many useless animals and plants included either through carelessness or as a deliberate irritation. Cows are designed to give milk, chickens to lay eggs, the sea to grow fish, the forests to produce wood, and so on—all to feed and house mankind. By and large we are as self-centred as a baby who puts everything into its mouth or throws it away.

We do recognize, however, that we need more than food and drink and clothes and various modern technical aids to living like automobiles and radios and washing machines—that being human we like to play, need space to play in, and need something or someone to play with. So we set up zoological gardens and national parks, playgrounds full of curious creatures that we can look at with interest, amusement or repulsion. Or we set aside conservation areas or seasons to ensure sufficient propagation of duck and deer for a million hunters to shoot at. Moving, unpredictable targets are a lot more fun to pit your skill against and give incentive and excitement to venturing out-of-doors. Beasts, birds and fish are brought under conservation, but for our benefit, not theirs. More of them survive in consequence, certainly, but for the most part to serve human lust, not human love.

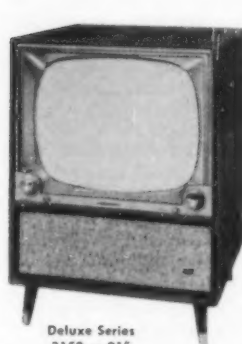
Why not? Even if most persons nowadays are informed enough to know that man is a Johnny-come-lately on a fairly old planet that was not actually prepared for his benefit, why shouldn't we look on the earth as a well-stocked farm waiting for us to take over? We are treating it as such and obviously will do so even more intensively before we are through. In our hearts, however, I think we know the answer, or if not are conscious of a vague disquiet concerning the way things are going and with the content of our lives. We are, somewhere deep down inside, beginning to feel lonely.

Why are we so eager concerning prospective trips to Mars and other planets? Many people are angered when someone suggests that journeys of this sort will not be worthwhile and that they will yield little better than the grim bleakness we see in the moon. More than anything else we want to find intelligent beings, sufficiently like ourselves to have constructed the Martian canals, if such there be. Science-fiction writers, particularly those dealing with interstellar travel, are fully aware of this chronic heartache for unearthly companionship, and visit only planets where the local inhabitants have but two eyes and two legs apiece and are fully instructed in the ways of sex. Judge

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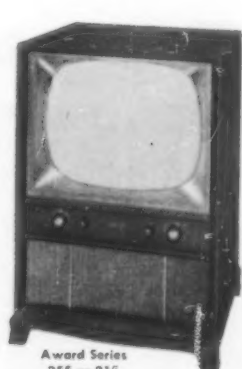
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ing from the welcome such inspirational writing receives in this world, in Russia just as much as in Europe and America, we are looking for beings with whom we can feel some kinship of spirit, that are vaguely like—but not too closely like—ourselves. We want company in a universe that seems to grow vaster and more empty of all that we hold most dear with every day that passes.

Rockets and artificial satellites may give us a much clearer picture of outer space and distant stars. They will also give us pictures that will drive home

more sharply than ever that we live on a little lost planet, drifting through a trackless void. Home will never have looked so sweet. And as evidence accumulates that the other planets of our own solar system have nothing to offer comparable to what has grown here upon the earth, we will begin to look about us with increasingly discerning eyes.

The only companions, human or otherwise, that we are likely to discover in this universe, no matter who or what may live on planets circling other stars than the sun, are those that are with us

now. Life on this earth is a community and has always been one. We are but a part of it, however dominant we may seem to be, and this knowledge is built into our very sinews. When we deny it or fail to recognize it, we suffer in certain ways just as a child who is brought up in a loveless home suffers both from lack of being loved and from lack of someone to love.

The present need of man in this turbulent century is to feel at home on the planet that has produced him, rather than yearn for other worlds to conquer,

which means accepting the earth in all its beauty and diversity of form and life rather than trying to transform it into something conceived or misconceived by industry and bureaucracy. Here is where conservation fails or at least falls short.

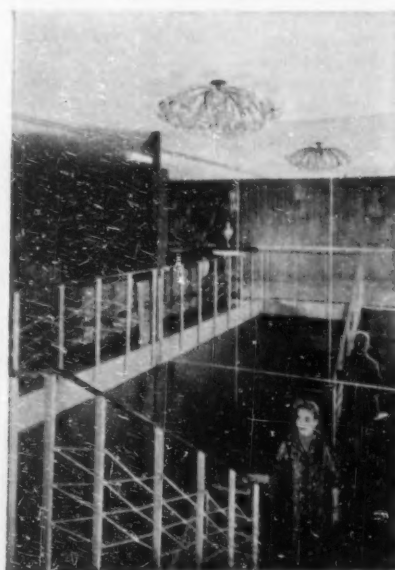
The setting aside of scenic regions as retreats for jaded urbanites barely recognizes the basic trouble and in any case is too readily circumvented when the more tangible values of power or mineral wealth are discovered within the area. Reservations or closed seasons preserve animal life to some extent, though less securely as civilization presses ever closer upon the wilderness. So long as we regard such things as luxuries to be dispensed with if necessity arises and so long as we regard everything not under human control as a challenge to our efficiency or interests, so long will the land continue to lose its loveliness. For this is less a matter of establishing limits to human depredations in this or that tract of territory than it is of human attitudes.

Possibly the most outstanding feature of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is neither the technological revolution with its triumphs and exploitations, nor the explosive human population expansion that accompanies it, but the worldwide intellectual adventure into space and time. Not least in this enquiry is our attempt to discover the true nature of our own humanity and to reconstruct the human past as far back as we can push it, even to the beginning of the world. In so doing we find ourselves to be one



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Room with many views

Our guest room is a sometimes thing: Sometimes it is for ironing; Sometimes it is for hemming dresses; Sometimes, for sorting sundry messes—And once, by some wild urge possessed, We cleaned it up and had a guest.

Philene Hammer

with the rest of the animal kingdom, no matter how much more mind and spirit we may relatively possess.

We cannot divorce our own species from the whole pageant of life that has been evolving for the last billion years on earth. We have ancestors in common with the most peculiar creatures, and all of us, present and past, have the same dependence upon vegetation, water, atmosphere and sun. Nowhere can one draw a line, and even between the living and the nonliving the line is blurred. When we recognize ourselves for what we are, as mammalian creatures with all the qualifications of the class; when we recognize our past for what it has been, as one that is inextricably interwoven with all that has lived—then our distinctive mind with its great capacity for sensitive appreciation makes us the guardians of the whole. As we have become the master of the house, so we acquire responsibility for the whole and all that is in it and that has gone into its making. We hold the earth in trust, not only for our own peculiar posterity but for all life. This is the lesson we are slowly learning, though so far only a few have learned it.

Albert Schweitzer is one, and his attitude or ethic called Reverence for Life is almost as well known as his African hospital venture. "Reverence" here is a somewhat inadequate translation of the original German word, which has no

"If you can kill without thought or feeling . . . then something in you has died that once was human"

exact counterpart in English and denotes more a feeling of awe and respect. He feels, as all of us should feel, that life of any kind is wonderfully made and that all forms of life have a common lot in this struggle for existence; that whenever you destroy life, whether it is a flower, a bird, a man, or any of the host that makes this a living planet, something has gone that leaves the whole a little bit poorer.

We must kill to live, at least to some extent, for life grows at the expense of life. But to kill wantonly for the sake of the hunt or good marksmanship or just downright blood lust or boredom is an evil thing that refuses to see the living individuality of the victim; that will not contemplate or cannot comprehend what is killed, or what killing means to the killer. If you can kill without thought or feeling concerning what you actually are doing, whether with gun, poison or just neglect, something in you has already died that once was human, because as a child you could not have done it. You would have seen more clearly the personalities behind the objects, for the natural instinct of a young human being, before he is taught by custom to be otherwise, is to love the rest of creation in an admiring and sympathetic way.

All life is sacred to the Hindu, which is carrying matters to an extreme that at times is good for neither man nor beast, for we are so made that we need the flesh of others for our well-being, while sacredness of life can be joined to callousness toward suffering. Yet at the heart of that eastern religion lies the recognition that the spark of creation lies within everything that lives, that God is everywhere, and it is sinful to destroy his handiwork. That goes too far when made into a practical policy, but it is much more in keeping with the nature of things to acknowledge this fellowship we have with all that walks or flies or even crawls, than to look upon the world as our private yard somewhat cluttered up with vermin.

For the sake of being human, for the sake of our souls perhaps, we need to see ourselves in our proper setting, to see ourselves as the earthlings we are, sharing but not owning the planet that has produced us together with the rest.

There is more than this, however. Every living creature, human and otherwise, is unique. Each is the product of a process that has gone on since the beginning of earthly time and can never be repeated. If we should press the button for atomic war and blow our species off the map, something intelligent and inventive might eventually take our place, but it wouldn't look like us or be like us. We, the human kind, would have had our time and have gone for good. Which would be a pity considering how much has gone into our making.

The same point holds for other creatures. The whole world would be thrilled if some of those amazing dinosaurs were to be discovered alive in some remote valley in the Andes, as in Conan Doyle's story *The Lost World*. We might not wish to play with them but obviously we realize that we and the earth would be richer for their presence. For the same reason we would give a hearty welcome to the dodo if somehow it could be brought back to life. And in some fervent way we watch the whooping crane's precarious fight for survival with apprehension. We see the unique glory in each such creature and realize that they exist but once probably in all eternity.

By the same reckoning, all those now in our keeping, whether elephants or eagles, racoons or birds of paradise, or some poaching pest, are here now but once gone will be gone forever. And just as we now condemn vandals and slaughterers of earlier times who destroyed what we would have valued, so posterity will look back on this age of extinctions with sorrow, anger and con-

demnation, insofar as knowledge of it survives. In any case the earth will have lost and can never be quite the same.

So what can you do? Not very much I fear, for the day is already late and the greed of man is in full spate. It is more a matter of growing up and becoming more fully human and alive, and truly aware of life other than our own. What-

ever happens, we are responsible, and the first sign of grace is a certain humility. What is called for is appreciation and compassion. The rest should follow. Otherwise the world will become full of cows, corn, cabbages and an unholy number of wistful human beings, longing for the variety that once was the spice of life, for as we make our bed so must we lie upon it. ★

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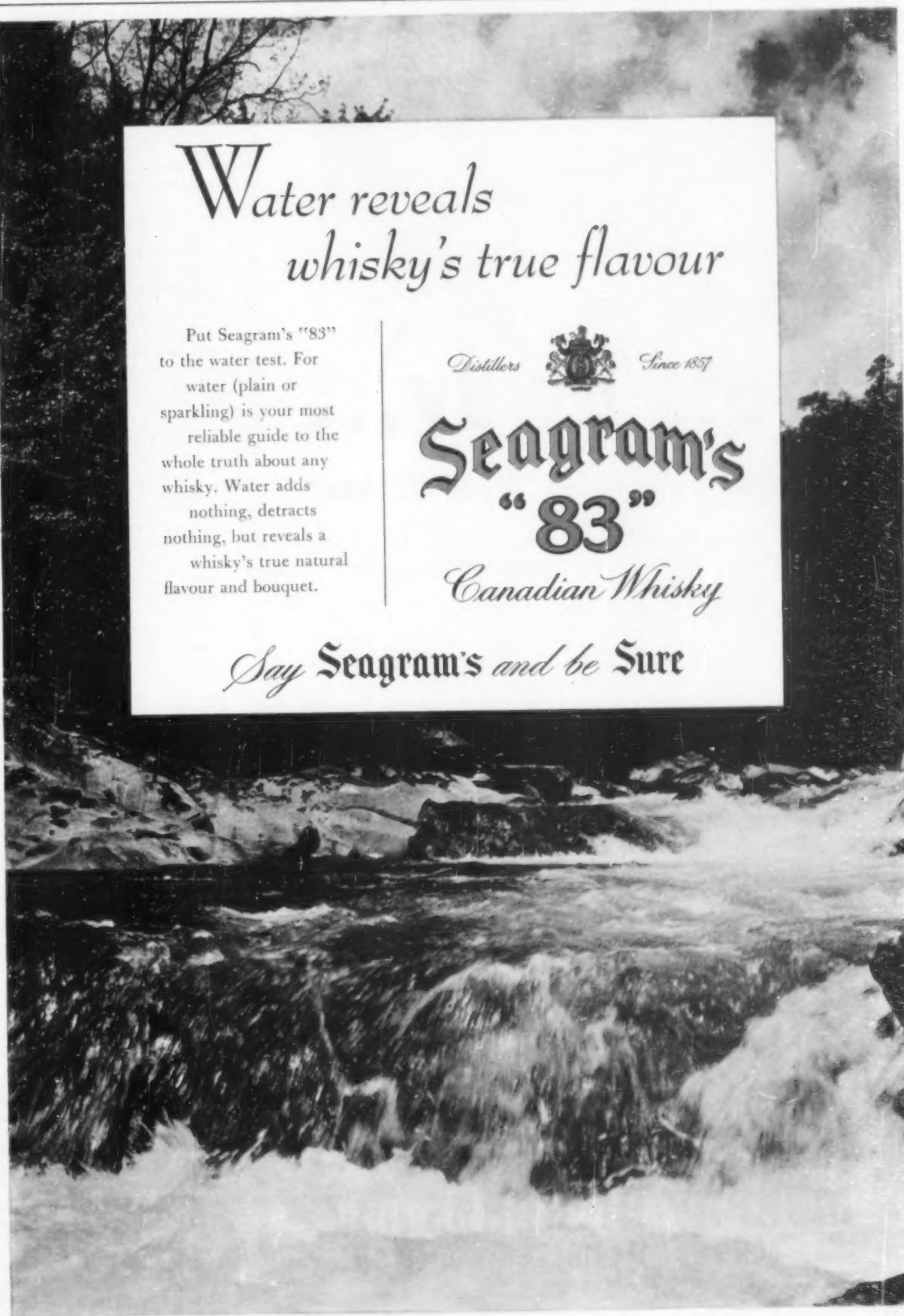
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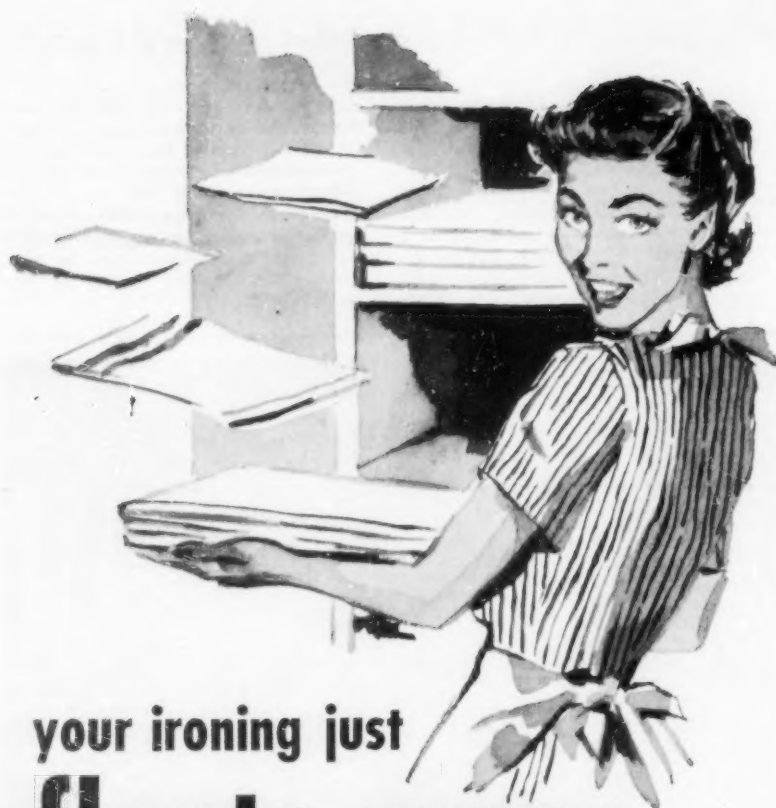
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My most memorable meal: No. 5

Nicholas Monsarrat

tells about



A Spanish meal with a Spanish maid

The most memorable meal need not be either the most expensive, nor the best cooked, nor eaten in the most exquisite surroundings. It takes something else to make it memorable, some quality of exhilaration; and, as every human being knows, you can be just as exhilarated munching a chickenburger at Joe's Diner (outside North Battleford), as eating that most exquisite of all dishes, *blinis au caviar*, at the celebrated Tour d'Argent in Paris.

I've come to the conclusion that, for a meal to be truly memorable, you have to be all of four things: young, tired, hungry and in love. All those things were true, when I ate my most memorable meal.

Young, hungry, in love

The place, a small village called Burguete, in the foothills of the Pyrenees in northern Spain. The time, 11 p.m. on a September evening in 1930. The people, myself and a devastatingly pretty girl called Carlotta, the daughter or niece or cousin of the innkeeper.

In 1930 I was certainly young—twenty, to be exact; and, on this occasion, I was certainly tired and hungry. During the preceding fortnight I had been walking through some of the world's most noble scenery — from Bordeaux in the south of France, through the wine country, across the high Pyrenees by that same route of Roncesvalles where Roland had met his death, nine centuries earlier, and down to the gentle foothills of Spain. On that last day of walking (for I was to take the bus to Madrid next morning) I was very tired. The day had been long and hot, the road dusty. At sundown I came to Burguete, and the village inn.

It was 8 p.m. when I arrived, and I was afraid I might be too late for dinner. I need not have worried. Dinner was served at ten, according to a Spanish custom I hope has not altered since. While I waited, I watched the village gradually and noisily going to bed, and the mule drivers drinking in the courtyard—and finally Carlotta.

She was really the most stunning girl I had ever seen—tall, olive-skinned, black-haired, beautiful. As I talked to her—for I was the right age for self-introduction — I had already fulfilled the fourth condition of any memorable meal: I was in love.

Dinner, served on a patio still

warm from the Pyrenean sun, was very simple, very Spanish, very satisfying. There was onion soup, thick enough to stand a spoon in. There was something loosely labeled Arroz Barcelona—a great platter of rice overlaid with bananas, bits of chicken, onions, tomatoes and pimento, all steeped in olive oil and served as hot as the mid-day sun. There was a peach, warm from the garden wall. There was a coarse country cheese, probably goat. There were two litres of a white table wine, thin and dry, suited to a long day's dusty walk, exactly tailored to the enormous swallowing power of a romantic twenty-year-old Englishman.

As I ate, and paused, and drank, and ate again, Carlotta came and sat at my table and talked to me. I had perhaps a hundred words of Spanish, she not more than a dozen of English. It was enough. You don't need to know the language.

While we were finishing the cheese she helped me to fill out the hotel registration form, a complex document appropriate to a regime under which, even then, the police controlled the destinies of man and beast. There were dozens of questions, all in Spanish: name, age, religion, destination, purpose of visit, financial status. Carlotta and I worked them all out, except for one question in the form.

Good-by to my Carlotta

The one we couldn't translate was *Estado*. I tried a dozen alternatives, none of them any good. When Carlotta's English failed she relapsed into dumb show, and presently I got it.

Estado, it seemed, meant "married or single."

We finished the cheese and the wine. The night grew cool, with a smell of good earth and olive trees. No young man, after walking twenty-eight miles, eating and drinking enormously, and falling in love with a shapely Spanish girl, could ever have been happier. Then, alas, her mother made a dramatic entrance onto the patio, unloosed a torrent of horrified Spanish, and led Carlotta away forever.

It was probably the best ending of all, to my memorable meal, with just the right blend of frustration, despair, and romantic yearning. At least, it has ensured that I've always made a beeline for Arroz Barcelona ever since. ★

EX-NAVY CAPTAIN NICHOLAS MONSARRAT IS AUTHOR OF THE CRUEL SEA.



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Our most neglected treasure: French cooking continued from page 15

"Cheap wine for cooking? Non! Food is only as good as the wine you use to cook it with"

in illustrated verse. The earliest French-Canadian cook book, *Cuisinière Canadienne*, dates back to 1840.

The cooking of French Canada is internationally recognized. At the international Culinary Art Salon in Berne, Switzerland, in 1954, the only entries from North America were two four-man teams from Quebec. They carried off honors and medals in competition with teams from Switzerland, France, Belgium, Great Britain, Italy, Sweden, Germany, Austria and Yugoslavia. Two annual culinary-art salons held at Montreal and Quebec City are ranked by experts with those at Paris and New York. And last October the gourmet buffet served at Montreal's Botanical Garden for the International Convention of French Language Journalists, among the toughest critics in the world, drew their extravagant praise.

At \$1,000 a plate food aids charity

Gourmet clubs help to maintain this fine-food standard. In Montreal the Prosper Montagné club and the Escoffier society, both strictly limited to eighty members, hold dinners twice a year at twenty dollars a plate, with menus that are staggering for the variety of food and wine. Along with the culinary-art salons, they award medals to great chefs. Smaller towns such as Victoriaville, Joliette and Louisville also have gourmet clubs, and the Marco Polo club entertains visiting explorers to gourmet meals.

The Quebec government supports all this activity, and the director of hotel management and training in the provincial Department of Trade and Commerce, Marcel Puvilland, oversees the standard of food and service in all commercial places. There are provincial training schools for chefs and for amateurs, as well as for hotel and restaurant staff.

Even money for charity is raised with food. This year seventy people sat down to a gourmet meal at Montreal's *Au Lutin Qui Bouffe* restaurant at a thousand dollars a plate to raise funds for the *Paléstre Nationale*, a Quebec equivalent of the YMCA.

This meal, of course, included seafood, which is properly esteemed in French Canada. According to Montreal fish importers, more oysters are consumed in that city than in all the rest of the country, and the per-capita consumption of fish in Quebec is the highest in Canada. But whether it is fish, fowl or meat, food in French Canada is an important part of the joy of living. And this joy can be translated in two different languages: that of the mother country, French cooking, or the *patois* of native *habitant* cooking.

Best known and most popular is the French cuisine, which has been imported directly from France. It is distinguished by a subtle use of wine sauces, garlic and herbs, table service at which many of the dishes are finished before the eyes and nose of the guest—a device designed to set their taste buds drooling in anticipation—and the careful selection of the right wine with each dish. Both eye and nose appeal are part of the presentation. Generally, meats are cooked much less than in the Anglo-Saxon kitchen. For instance, lamb gets ten minutes to the pound as compared to twenty minutes in our ovens.

Less popular is French-Canadian *habitant* fare, based upon a more primitive style of cooking that grew out of the early Spartan living of the farmers of New France. They had no wines and no garlic. Their only spices were cinnamon and cloves. They saved their cattle for milk and for plowing and they used pork as the main meat basis for food that was heavy and full of calories but could be quickly worked off in the fields and the woods. They also made wide use of simple long-keeping vegetables like peas and beans, and the plentiful coarse fish of the streams and sea. Grain-destroying pests like the passenger pigeon went into their famed *tourtière* pie. The farmers depended on salted fat pork that would keep for months, and used maple syrup and molasses heavily for desserts. They even poached eggs in maple syrup. All this heavy fare has been refined over the years until today it has become an exotic branch of the Quebec cuisine. Country hotels and restaurants that serve it are growing in numbers and popularity.

But fine cooking is not confined to professionals in Quebec. In French the word "amateur" in cooking means someone who rates with the professionals but who cooks for a hobby. And there are great amateurs of cooking in French Canada, both men and women, whose reputations rank with those of the finest chefs.

One of the best amateurs I have ever met is Annette Zarov, a short, merry, round-faced and chubby French-Canadian girl who is a first-class portrait photographer as well as an inspired cook. She has strong views on food, like most French Canadians. She thinks the English have a lot to learn about cooking.

"They are too methodical," she says. "They follow recipes too blindly. I have my *Larousse Gastronomique*, but I use it the way a Witness of Jehovah uses the Bible, as a basis for improvisation. They don't know how to marry flavors either. Look at their Yorkshire pudding, a mixture of eggs and flour with roast beef. They ask for indigestion. But mainly they lack gastronomical imagination."

She thinks the supermarket is the enemy of fine cooking: "The personal contact between the merchant and the customer is gone. Instead you have to deal with a nitwit clerk who doesn't know a broccoli from a cabbage."

When Annette Zarov goes shopping, she first visits a good fruit-and-vegetable shop or goes down to one of Montreal's numerous farmers' markets such as Bonsecours, St. Lawrence or Atwater. There, when they are in season, she looks for vegetables such as fiddleheads, an edible fern; the spinach-like sorrel; okra, which looks like a cross between a green pepper and a green bean; lima beans, vegetable marrow and soft lettuce.

From early spring until late fall she buys fresh vegetables. "In the winter we are at the mercy of frozen vegetables and American stock that has been picked before it was ripe," she says bitterly.

The vegetables selected, she then looks for her meat and fish. For fish, she shops at a little place in Lachine run, appropriately, by a Mr. Sole, who has a good stock of what she calls the "elementary fish." Sometimes she gets fresh turbot there. Or if she seeks more exotic items, she visits Waldman's, off the Main, as that downtown area of St. Lawrence Boulevard is called by Montrealers. There she buys a fine native caviar at five dollars a pound.

Smelts in a bed of parsley

She gives a grudging nod to the supermarkets for beef. "They usually handle red brand, and I often pick up my meat there, along with grocery staples. But they have never heard of a capon, and they don't know how to keep cheese," she says. She buys her capons at an elegant food shop on St. Catherine Street, called Dionne's, and she buys her cheese at The Cheese Shoppe on Union Street. For coffee she goes to Van Houtte's, the coffee importers, and for rice she patronizes a Syrian shop on the Main. In the same district she finds shops where she can buy full pickled herring in the barrel, dill pickles in the barrel, barleylike casha and saffron. She goes to Chinatown for dried mushrooms and herbs.

Many of these food items, which English Canadians either scorn or spoil when they try to cook them, become in the hands of French Canadians an experience to remember. The first time I ever enjoyed smelts was when they were prepared for me by Madeleine Marois, a television production assistant at the CBC in Montreal, who likes to finish a busy day at the studio by inviting friends

home to sample one of her specialties.

It looked a simple enough dish too, and quick. She used a baking pan, making a bed of finely chopped celery covered with fresh chopped parsley. Over this she placed a dozen smelts. She covered the smelts with pats of butter and a layer of mushrooms, sprinkled with bread crumbs and herbs, drowned the fish in a good white sauterne, and placed the dish in a preheated oven at five hundred degrees for ten minutes. She served it with the rest of the sauterne chilled.

I was puzzled that such a dull fish could taste so delicious. She told me that the secret was the good wine. "I notice that when English-speaking people use wine for cooking they will use a cheap sherry. But your food is only as good as the wine you use," she said.

Amateur chefs like Miss Marois seem to be able to combine careers with cooking. Lucette Robert, one of the busiest women I ever met, reviews movies for *Le Petit Journal*, and her column in *La Revue Populaire, Ce Dont On Parle*, is a Who's Who of French-Canadian society. She gets around to just about every theatrical and social event in Montreal, but still manages to set one of the most spectacular tables in the province: beautiful to behold and equally so to consume. She does her own shopping and she's tough to please. Her rabbit *pâté* is commonly acknowledged by Montreal gourmets to be beyond comparison. Yet she is always finding fault with her own cooking, seeking a perfection beyond ordinary understanding.

This divine dissatisfaction, which may well be the real secret of fine French-Canadian cooking, is not confined to women. I recall an occasion when Gaetan Major, a young Montreal advertising-agency executive, undertook to show me how French Canadians prepare a steak. Now, when it comes to steak I share the chauvinism of most western Canadians (I was born in Olson Coulee, about twenty miles out of Macleod, Alta.) who with reason regard steaks as a specialty of the west. In eastern restaurants we suffer the violations of good meat which are served to us under the name of steaks, consoling ourselves with the thought that it probably wasn't good western beef in the first place. But a French Canadian showing me how to fry a steak seemed to me at the time the ultimate in futility.

When I arrived at Major's home, he was in the kitchen and in a bad temper. "The damn butcher," he told me. "You can't trust them on the phone." And he showed me what looked to be a pretty formidable cut of sirloin, about an inch thick. "I asked for it two inches thick," he explained. Then he went to the phone and called the butcher, complaining angrily to him in fast and colloquial French. He came back and broke out a bottle of Saint-Emilion Bordeaux wine.

"Let's have a go at it just the same," he said in a dispirited voice. Then he took a sharply pointed kitchen knife and stripped out each tiny sinew and connective tissue, like a brain surgeon performing a delicate operation. He put a dry iron frying pan on the stove and let it get smoldering hot. He put another pan on a second burner and rubbed the frying surface with a garlic clove and dropped a piece of fat from the meat in the second pan. The fat began to splutter.

He dropped the steak into the first



How an expert keeps the kitchen clean

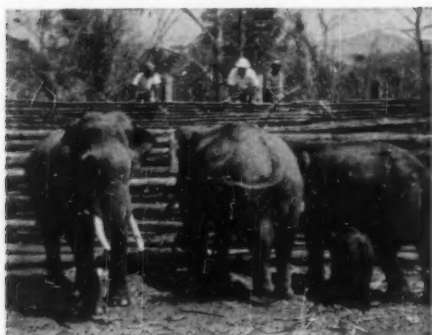
Noted Montreal gourmet François Rozet chops lobsters outdoors for his *homard américaine*, a culinary *tour de force* that takes him three hours.



IT TAKES PULL
TO WIN THIS

Siamese Tug of War

1 "Only a bulldozer can match the power of a squealing, trumpeting elephant fresh from Siam's jungle," writes Bert Torrance, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Elephants are broken in to haul teakwood when they're 15 or 20 years old. But at a logging camp I visited, they'd caught a big bull of 35. As I watched, the giant tusker broke loose. I ran to help and found myself in a real tug of war."



2 "Less rambunctious after we showed him who was boss, the 4-ton pachyderm resigned himself to captivity in the stockade. In a few years, he and the other tusked tractors would all be in harness."



3 "My strenuous efforts were rewarded when a civilized elephant, under orders from his mahout, presented me with a bamboo clapper. Native beaters use these clappers to drive the jumbos out of the jungle. It was a nice prize, but I didn't have room in my gear to take it with me."



4 "Later, in Bangkok, the trainer brought my clapper. I welcomed him at the Oriental Hotel with Canadian Club. Like elephants, who reputedly never forget, I'll never forget all the times I've enjoyed Canadian Club wherever I've travelled."

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"With champagne, caviar and fresh orange pie it was a feast worth \$150 for eight people"

pan and there was a searing noise and smoke curled up as the meat hit the hot dry surface. He flipped the steak over, and then added butter to the fat in the second pan. He turned down the heat under the steak and poured off some of the steak juice into the second pan, into which he poured some Saint-Emilion wine with salt and pepper. This bubbled and thickened as he stirred the wine into the fat and butter and meat juice. Meanwhile he had sliced up a long loaf of French bread, set a couple of wine glasses at the table, and warmed up two plates over the stove. In a few minutes we sat down to a steak covered with wine gravy. The steak melted away under our knives, and we sopped up the tangy gravy with French bread. Again my thoughts went back to moments of youthful bliss and an ecstasy that I had believed long since to have left behind me.

We were just finishing our orgy when the delivery boy arrived with another steak, this time the required two inches thick. We ate that too. I have never since disputed the prowess of a French Canadian with steak.

But Gaetan Major and most Montreal gourmets nod reverently when the name of Francois Rozet is mentioned. Rozet, a tall handsome man with curly hair, is a character actor on French radio and television who came to Canada from France about fifteen years ago.

Rozet is noted for his *homard amorce-caine*. (This variation in spelling is used by the French who don't care to acknowledge the inspiration of American tourists for the dish.) I watched him prepare it. Wearing a large white apron and blue sweatshirt, with a blue knitted French fisherman's cap on his head, he spent three hours chopping up live lobsters into pieces, cooking the lobster on the stove in butter and olive oil, draining it and burning the lobster dry by igniting most of a bottle of cognac poured over it, then simmering the lobster in a mixture of garlic juice, French scallions, consommé, tomato paste, seasoning and a couple of bottles of good French *Bourgogne*. Finally he made the sauce by boiling down the mixture to half its quantity and simmering it on the stove. All this led to a meal that was classic in its expensive simplicity.

With wine, champagne, cognac, mounds of fine caviar and a huge *tarte à l'orange*—a pie made with fresh oranges and soaked in rum—the feast cost \$150 for eight people. Half of this was for the drinks, half for the lobsters, caviar and pie.

It is the gifted amateurs like Rozet who keep the professional chefs in Quebec on their toes. Annette Zarov declares: "When I go out to eat, I expect to eat better than in my own home. After all, it costs more." And when they go into a restaurant, they seem to be looking for something wrong.

Along with most English Canadians, I personally shrink from scenes with waiters, and unless a dish is flagrantly wrong I take what I get and shut my mouth. Which, again, may be part of the reason why restaurant food and home cooking in English Canada falls far below the standards of Quebec. But the great chefs of Quebec, professional and amateur, welcome criticism. Paul Boetch, the forty-six-year-old Swiss chef who presides over the gleaming stainless-steel kitchen of the Hotel de LaSalle, goes

forth to meet it. He prides himself on his ability to fill any unusual requests for food, and he has a standing offer with guests that if his dish does not completely satisfy, the meal is on the house. Thus he has concocted such unusual fare as fishmonger's steak, Swiss *Bratwurst*, Brazilian *paella* and Mexican *arroz con pollo* without batting an eyelash.

I visited him recently at his desk in an alcove behind his kitchen. A trim man with black hair, snapping brown eyes and a black mustache, he was chuckling over a note when I met him. "Read this," he said. It was on the hotel stationery, in a feminine hand: "Dear Paul, scramble the eggs well. They are for your pet, Juliette." He tucked the note carefully away in his desk. "You know, the singer on the television show," he explained.

He showed me through the kitchen which serves an average of fifteen hundred meals daily. We visited the laundry where the hotel linen is washed and ironed. The head laundryman was sorrowfully studying a stained tablecloth when we came in. "I could get these stains out a lot easier if Chef would tell me what he puts in the sauces," he told me, "but it is a professional secret." Boetch smiled, but offered no help.

A different attitude to Paul Boetch's idea of giving the public what it wants is displayed by Papa Lelarge at the 400 or *Quat' Cent*, as it is called by the many radio and television artists who regularly meet there to gossip and gorge. At the 400 you eat what is on the menu and you eat it the way Papa Lelarge prepares it or you can go and gnaw a hamburger somewhere else.

The 400 is run in this wonderfully high-handed manner by a man who entered his apprenticeship at fifteen under the immortal Escoffier at the Savoy Hotel in London, and who ran his own restaurant for fourteen years in Paris, patronized by France's greatest gourmet, Curnonsky, president and founder of the Academy of Gastronomes and honored by the title of "Prince of Gastronomes." The 400 seats only a hundred people, but Papa Lelarge averages four hundred meals a day there by hustling the guests unmercifully at lunch hour. At night, on the other hand, he likes them to stay for hours, and waiters, who are quick with the tab at noon, are instructed to present the bill only upon demand at night.

I dropped into Leo Dandurand's Café Martin one day, and in the basement kitchen I met Roger Delfour, the thirty-five-year-old Paris-born chef who has spent twenty years in his profession. He admitted that the tastes of Canadians often puzzled him. In winter they ordered cold vichysoisse, but in summer the greatest demand was for hot onion soup. "One day last August, the hottest day of summer, our air conditioning failed," he told me. "But do you think the demand for onion soup fell off? On the contrary, we made a record amount of it!"

Later I chatted with Paul Dandurand, the small, dapper young man who runs Drury's. He had the typical French-Canadian interest in food and told me that he thought one of the most interesting restaurants in Montreal was the east-end Chez Pierre, operated by the eccentric owner, Lisette LeRoy, like a large private home. She shops in the market herself for the food and views

the outside world with barely veiled suspicion. Once Dandurand lunched there with a friend and found when the modest bill arrived that neither of them had any funds. He offered to pay with a cheque.

"Oh, no, no, no, no!", the proprietress waved off the proposal, "Oh, no, no, no, no!"

So, leaving his friend for security, Dandurand slipped next door to Cousins, the French bakers, where the Drury-Café Martin account runs to several thousand dollars weekly. There he was able to borrow three dollars to pay his bill at Chez Pierre. "But it is still the best dollar-and-a-quarter lunch in town," Dandurand maintains.

The original Pierre, whose mustached photo hangs on the restaurant wall, died about twenty years ago, but not before he had trained the present chef, Carlo Gurievich, who is still in his early forties and who came to Chez Pierre as a youngster. The menu carries the restaurant's creed on its front cover: "Gourmets? Oui! Gourmands? Non!"

The exciting fare of *haute cuisine* which you can enjoy at a dozen fine restaurants in Montreal like those of de LaSalle, the 400, Café Martin, Drury's, Chez Pierre, the Ritz Carlton, the Windsor, the Queen's, is duplicated in Quebec City by the Kerhulu, the Pavillon Fleur de Lys, La Chaumière, the Sapinière and a half dozen other fine dining rooms. But that is only half the adventure in eating for an English Canadian in French Canada.

Let him stop at a little out-of-the-way place like the Auberge Handfield, a small hotel at St. Marc sur-le-Richelieu, about thirty miles northeast of Montreal. There he will find *habitant* food at its best.

Conrad Handfield (in spite of his name he has a hard time with English) is an ambitious young man in his early thirties, and his bright young Montreal-born wife—she will never be accepted in St. Marc as a real St. Marquise—offer food of the region. A typical meal opens with hors d'œuvres of the house, including a home-made *pâté* which is an inspired blend of pork, chicken, duck and rabbit livers. Then comes homemade pea soup according to Micheline Handfield's own recipe—you sauté the salt pork and onions together before you add them to the peas (with freshly chopped chives). Micheline complains about the peas; they come from the local Liberal organizer and Conrad is a Union Nationale supporter; she thinks she gets the worst of the crop. Next follows a slice of the celebrated *tourtière* pie, which was once made with lean pork and served with homemade relish. *Ragoût de pattes et de boulettes* is the main course, with pigs' feet and pork meatballs, and it is served traditionally with boiled potatoes and pickled beets. A simple green salad with tarragon follows—and finally *tartelette au sucre*, made with a mixture of fresh cream, maple sugar, brown sugar and crushed almonds, topped with whipped or ice cream. Washed down with a modest Bordeaux and ending with coffee, it is a thoroughly satisfying meal and helps to explain why the French have survived the Iroquois, the English and even the Americans.

In Quebec today the Liberals claim that Premier Duplessis is giving away the province's natural resources to the American. He claims that his Liberal opponents want to sacrifice provincial rights to the federal government. But both sides would surely agree that in French-Canadian cooking they have a priceless asset with which they may one day obtain the homage of the whole North American continent. They got mine, anyway. ★



The killing that rocked the continent continued from page 26

In the dark the two men planted the bomb at the governor's gate

No, he would have to go back and start all over again and come up with a better plan.

His mind made up on this point, Orchard seems to have been in no hurry to get on with his assignment. He turned

his back on Boise and went to Portland to take in the world's fair and then to Seattle. From there he turned to the mining town of Wardner in Idaho where he had once worked, and looked up an old mining friend, Jack Simpkins. In

addition to Orchard, Simpkins and Steve Adams, who had helped Orchard blow up the station at Independence where thirteen miners were killed, were hatchet men for the Western Federation. They had recently killed two claim jumpers.

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ONLY DOW IS 'COOL CONTROL' BREWED

Orchard talked Simpkins into going with him to Caldwell, after explaining his plan to make a new bomb for Steunenberg.

About the first of November, Orchard and Simpkins checked in at the Pacific Hotel, Caldwell, and registered as T. S. Hogan and Jack Simmons. That evening they went out to case the Steunenberg residence. Next day, working together in their hotel room, they made a ten-stick bomb. It was one of Orchard's conventional jobs, set to go off when a string turned a windlass holding a vial of acid, to drop the liquid on detonating caps. It was Saturday night.

Late Sunday afternoon ex-governor Steunenberg was seen in the lobby of Caldwell's other hotel, the Saratoga, talking with friends. When the two watching men considered the early November night to be dark enough, they got their bomb. Then, as Orchard remembered it: "We went to the street that led to Mr. Steunenberg's home. We placed the bomb close to the path where he would be most apt to pass, covered it with weeds, and stretched a wire across the pathway, staking the loose end of the wire. Then we hurried back to the Pacific Hotel, so we could prove where we had been, if necessary."

Sitting in the hotel lobby, waiting for the noise, called — as Orchard philosophically remarked—for patience. Two hours of patience was enough. The two men went over to the Saratoga Hotel. Steunenberg was not there. They walked down the street to where they had left the bomb. The wire across the path was broken. Still in place hidden in the weeds was the bomb. It was probably Steunenberg who unknowingly had broken the wire. On checking the apparatus Orchard found that, although the windlass had turned over, it had turned so fast that no acid had run out of the vial.

Orchard, being the expert, had to take care of the live bomb. At first he thought he'd leave it where it was, come what

might. "But finally," he remembered, "I covered the mouth of the vial and took it out. I picked up the bomb and carried it over by the railroad track, and covered it with weeds."

Jack Simpkins must have found this sort of work depressing, for while the two men were having breakfast next morning it occurred to Jack—quite suddenly, it seemed to Orchard—that it was time he went to Silver City to visit the union there. After all he was a member of the federation's executive board.

Harry Orchard was now alone. The dreaded time had come. To face alone the job of murder suddenly seemed the most solitary occupation in the world.

As soon as Simpkins left, Orchard checked out of the Pacific Hotel and got a front room in the home of W. H. Schenck, a longtime resident of Caldwell. From his windows he could observe the street used by Steunenberg when coming from and returning to his house.

Frank Steunenberg was a large, rather silent man with the face of a Roman senator. About him was no trace of the pompous or ingratiating manners characteristic of politicians. "Rugged in body," said his friend, William Borah, "he was also resolute in mind." Caldwell liked Frank Steunenberg. Her citizens sent him to the constitutional convention and helped to elect him representative to the first legislative assembly after Idaho became a state in 1890. Seven years later he was elected governor. Orchard's sole interest in the man was in regard to his daily habits.

Orchard kept his lodgings in the Schenck home for nearly two weeks, during much of which Steunenberg was out of town. Orchard passed the time drinking and gambling at the Saratoga Hotel, and talking about sheep. He easily made the acquaintance of many townspeople. With these he adopted the pose of a genial man of the world. He seems also to have taken pains to make an impression on a young waitress in the Saratoga's dining room.

JASPER

by Simpkins



"Your daddy wanted to fish the east coast for a change."

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One day he saw a newspaper item saying that Frank Steunenberg had been appointed by Governor Frank Gooding to serve on some state committee in Boise. Orchard shook off his inertia. He got the bomb he had hidden in the weeds, and told the Schencks he had business in Boise. He went there, too, but never unlimbered the bomb in three days. Not once did he catch sight of Steunenberg.

It seems possible that the delay, and the two futile attempts to get his man, had begun to tell on Orchard's all but nerveless system. "I was lonesome," he said, "and disgusted." Orchard went off to Salt Lake City.

It was mid-December when he returned to Caldwell. This time he registered at the Saratoga Hotel, where the pretty waitress worked. During the coming two weeks they were to see a good deal of each other. But Orchard knew that his time was running out. A letter from Simpkins reported that no more blood money, which Haywood liked to call "remittances for assessment work," would be forthcoming from federation sources except through Haywood himself. That was clear enough; Orchard could look for more cash only when he had got Steunenberg.

Christmas Day was a Monday, bright and cold in Caldwell. The watching Orchard saw Frank Steunenberg leave his home and go to the house of his brother. Orchard returned to the Saratoga. He got the shotgun from his trunk. With a stout cord around his neck, he hung the barrel down one side of his body, the stock down the other. Putting on his overcoat, he went forth to watch and wait until his victim should return home. He might as well shoot him there in the dark and be done with it.

After a long wait he heard someone coming in the gathering night. It was the ex-governor. Orchard went after his shotgun. The cord somehow got tangled with the stock. Before he could put the weapon together, the unsuspecting man opened the gate to the yard, entered and closed it, then went into the house.

Two days passed with no sight of Steunenberg. But on Thursday Orchard saw him board the morning eastbound passenger train. He had no idea where the man was going. Later in the day, however, while walking aimlessly around Caldwell, Orchard met Julian Steunenberg, the ex-governor's older son, on the street. He queried the young man, and was told that Mr. Steunenberg had gone to his sheep ranch. He could be reached there by telephoning the exchange at Bliss. "He will be home tomorrow, anyhow," the young man said.

Bliss was a hundred and twenty-five miles east of Caldwell. His quarry would likely return from Bliss on the train due in Caldwell in late afternoon. The train would stop at Nampa fifteen minutes on the way to Caldwell. Nampa was nine miles east of Caldwell. A new plan was taking shape in Orchard's mind. It was going to be a bomb after all. He felt better at once. This was the stuff. He went out again into those weeds, now brushed with snow along the railroad track, and took the ten sticks of No. 1 gelatine from the wooden box. Distributing them in his pockets, he returned to his room in the Saratoga, to spend the rest of the day working happily on a new bomb.

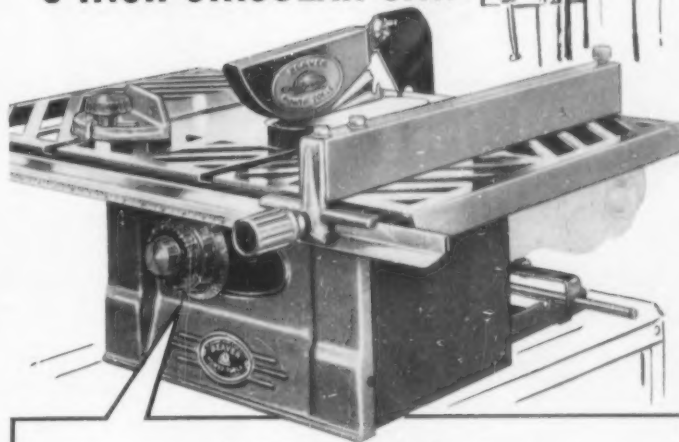
Somewhere along the line Orchard had bought a small, light sheet-metal lock-box, the sort of container that many trusting people used as a home safe. Into this he put the dynamite. At one end of the box's top he fastened an alarm clock, at the other end a vial to hold

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acid. He stuck both in place with plaster of Paris. This was to be a dual-purpose bomb, either time or contact.

Next morning was Friday. Putting the small but powerful bomb into his valise, Orchard took the morning train to Nampa, and there he spent much of the day waiting for the next westbound, known in Caldwell for no particular reason as the Cannonball. She would stop in Nampa for fifteen minutes. Orchard planned to get aboard the smoker, then go back through the train looking for Steunenberg. Having spotted him, he would set

the valise under or near Steunenberg's seat, then leave the car. If by this time the train had not already started, Orchard would leave the train. In either case, he would not be in the same car with Steunenberg when the valise let go.

Did the boys at Western Federation headquarters appreciate the kind of nerve required to hook No. 1 gelatine to sulphuric acid in a railroad depot, with bells ringing, people rushing about, and trainmen urging everybody to step lively? Orchard didn't know, but that was what he was doing when the Cannonball pulled

into Nampa on Friday afternoon. Not only did he connect wire, he also set the clock.

The train was crowded. Orchard went through it once. No Steunenberg. Orchard heard the call for all aboard. The train jerked, then moved slowly through the yards and picked up speed. Orchard worked his way up through the coaches, the clock ticking busily away in the valise in his hand. Still no Steunenberg. The Cannonball whistled for Caldwell. Whether Orchard managed to get into a train lavatory to stop the clock's alarm

mechanism or how otherwise he handled it, he was ready to get off the train, valise in hand, when it stopped at the Caldwell depot. Frank Steunenberg got off the train too. Orchard saw him with astonishment.

Harry Orchard spent an evening of "dark despair," much of it with the Saratoga's waitress. She noticed how downcast he was, and how bitter. When she gently chided him as being "too fine and wonderful a man for such moods" he told her he was really "no better than a monster," and gave the impressionable girl to understand his life and works had been filled with "horrible deeds and loathsome sins." She could not quite believe him, yet that night, alone in her room, she prayed for her beloved Tom Hogan.

Saturday, December 30, 1905. The last day but one of the year dawned windy and cold in Caldwell. By noon a small blizzard had taken over the town.

Time in the Saratoga dragged on. Orchard paused for midday dinner, and got a smile and a few tender words from the waitress. Then he came out into the lobby to find Steunenberg there.

Noting that the governor had removed neither hat nor overcoat in the warm lobby, Orchard made up his mind. He went up to his room. He wrapped the sheet-metal box in a newspaper, and with the package under his arm returned to the lobby. The clock on the wall showed the hour to be six-fifteen. Steunenberg was a prompt man. He was certain to start for home almost immediately. Orchard went out of the hotel and started down the long snowy street that led to the Steunenberg residence.

The great hush brought by the new snow blanketed everything as Harry Orchard went to work laying his last bomb. It took but a moment. "I put the box down close to the gatepost," he remembered. "I tied a piece of fishline into the screw eye in the cork. I tied the other end around a picket of the gate. Opening the gate would jerk the cork from the vial and let the acid run out. To make sure the bomb would go even if he did not open the gate wide enough to pull the cork, I arranged the cord so the governor would strike it with his feet as he passed in. I covered the box with snow, and went away."

House bombed to splinters

Orchard headed back downtown. Steunenberg had already left the hotel and was walking briskly toward home. The two men passed in the night without a word. Then Orchard started to run. He hoped to be inside the Saratoga when the noise came. He didn't quite make it, but he was pretty close to the hotel when the quiet dark of the village was shattered by the tremendous explosion, and Orchard spoke aloud to himself. "There she goes," he said, and a moment later walked into the Saratoga.

The blast seemed to shake the night. The entire west side of the Steunenberg house was in splinters. A big clock toppled from its shelf and landed fair on young Frank Steunenberg, aged five, who was lying on a couch beneath the mantel. Mother and children were stunned a moment from the shock.

Thirteen-year-old Frances was the first to recover. She ran into the yard to find her father a heap in the snow. He was still breathing. The girl ran to neighbors for help. Frank Steunenberg was carried into the house, where he died twenty minutes later, still unconscious.

By the time Orchard finished his bleak supper, the news about the ex-governor of Idaho had been sent far afield. When it reached Frank Gooding, the governor,

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at Boise, he asked the Union Pacific for a special train to take him and officials and friends to Caldwell.

Now, in Room Nineteen of the Saratoga Hotel, Orchard committed a fatal error.

"I was going," he said, "to take some things out of my room and throw them away. There were some bits of dynamite, some pieces of fuse, several giant caps, and a bottle or two of acid. I emptied the acid into the washbowl and put the bottle into my side pocket, planning to take it downstairs and throw it away. It wasn't two seconds after I put that bottle in my pocket when a flash like a pistol shot rang out in the room and the coat was nearly torn off my back."

Little wonder. Familiarity with explosives had made Orchard careless. When he came into his room that night he was carrying in a pocket a spare detonator or two. The bottle he had just put into the same pocket was not quite empty. A few drops of sulphuric acid remained. It dribbled out, reached the caps, and the coat of the Western Federation's dynamite man hung in smoldering shreds. Orchard had another coat in his room. He slipped it on and went downstairs to the hotel lobby. Talk was all on the murder of Steunenberg. No one had heard this second explosion.

In Number Nineteen was still a smell of burning cloth. Orchard opened a window. He sat down on the bed. "Something, I cannot tell what, came across me," he remembered. "I got to thinking of the many incriminating things in my room. Besides the fuse and caps, I recalled that I had some sugar and some chloride of potash in my things. I also had a small amount of plaster of Paris, a batch of screw eyes, and an electric flashlight. I had a gun in my valise." He knew well enough that these would be hard to explain if his room were searched. "But still I sat there," said he, "and didn't do anything about them. After that cap went off in my pocket, I seemed to lose my reasoning power." He remembered that his trunk had been lying for two days in the baggage room of the Caldwell railroad depot. It was too late to do anything about that, either.

The next afternoon, an explosives expert, Joe Hutchinson, showed a length of fishline to Charles Steunenberg, brother of the murdered man. "This string," he said, "was what your brother kicked to touch off the bomb." Within an hour, as Charles and a friend, George Froman, were passing the Saratoga, Froman pointed out a man sitting in the lobby behind the large window. "That's the man who did it," he said. Hogan (Orchard) had "been hanging around here for months doing nothing," he seemed to have no means of support, and a number of times he had enquired of people "when Governor Steunenberg would be home again."

If anything more were needed to direct suspicion, Harvey K. Brown, the high sheriff of Baker County, Oregon, who just happened to be in Caldwell on other matters, supplied it. Brown was an old-time miner. Catching sight of Orchard in front of the Saratoga, and being told that he was a sheep man, name of Hogan, Brown spoke to his colleague, Idaho Sheriff Moseley of Ada County. "I know that feller," said Brown. "He isn't Hogan. He is Harry Orchard, who used to be active in the miners' union."

Joe Hutchinson and Sheriff Moseley got busy. Orchard was out wandering the streets, and going again to view the splintered gate at the Steunenberg residence. With a passkey, the two men entered Room Nineteen of the Saratoga. On the inside doorknob they found two

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towels tied together and hung to cover the keyhole. On the commode was a short piece of fishline that matched the quality of that found on the gate. Scattered about were bits of plaster of Paris. In Orchard's grip was a badly torn coat, and also a trunk check.

Hutchinson and Moseley hastened to the Caldwell depot to open Orchard's trunk. In it was enough stuff to have gone far toward convicting a saint—a few sticks of dynamite, a sawed-off repeating shotgun, several changes of clothing.

Orchard was held eighteen days in the Caldwell jail. Newspapers must have been kept from him, or he would have read in the Boise paper that Idaho had engaged a celebrated private detective to investigate the Steunenberg affair. This was James McParlan. Three days after McParlan arrived in Caldwell, Orchard was taken to the state penitentiary in Boise.

For ten days Orchard was permitted to see no one. His meals were handed to him in silence. He was given no reading material. Then, a guard came to take him to the warden's office. In the office were Warden Whitney and a man Orchard had never seen. The warden remarked that the stranger would like to talk with the prisoner.

McParlan's voice was low, musical, soothing. Orchard didn't know it yet, but he was being worked on by the master of all undercover men—a protean fellow of high intelligence and a native charm of fatal fascination. Back in the mid-Seventies, at least ten members of the Molly Maguires, a secret society of Irish Catholic coal miners, were hanged because they could not resist McParlan's charming ways.

As McParlan talked on, it occurred to Orchard that this "gentle old man" was the notorious detective about whom Bill Haywood had spoken so bitterly. "Are you James McParlan?" Orchard asked. "I am," said the detective, "and I am here to give you some sound advice, if you will take it." Orchard replied that he did not need advice.

This was merely the first of several discussions between McParlan and Orchard. During early evening after the first interview, the terrible silence in Orchard's cell block was broken by the sweetly melancholy chords of a melodeon, moved there at the request of Detective McParlan. There was no Ira D. Sankey to sing the words, and none were necessary. The plaintive melody was familiar:

Where is my wandering boy tonight,
The boy of my tenderest care?

Two days later, McParlan and Orchard met again. "My boy," said the detective, "it is bad to live a sinful life. There is no sin that God will not forgive you—if you repent." Then, as if it had just occurred to him, McParlan mentioned there had been cases where men had turned state's evidence and given witness for the prosecution. In such cases, he said, the state did not and could not prosecute them.

That night the melodeon resumed its pleading. There was another meeting with McParlan, and another night when the organ throbbed. One morning, after an eternity of night during which Orchard sat on the edge of his little cot, there suddenly came "something which seemed to say to me there was still hope." He told McParlan he was ready to confess, not only about the murder of Frank Steunenberg, but "of my awful life of crime from the beginning."

Much of three days was needed for

the clerk in the warden's office to take down the extraordinary confession of Albert E. Horsley, a name that appeared in the first paragraph and was not again mentioned in the entire document. The confession was to stamp him indelibly as Harry Orchard, the Dynamite Man.

If Orchard told the truth, he was merely the hatchet man for the Western Federation, and for Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone, and to a lesser extent Jack Simpkins. If he was guilty of Steunenberg's murder, then so were they. At the time of Orchard's confession, the whereabouts of Simpkins was unknown. Apparently he had gone into hiding. The other men were in Colorado. To be tried they must be extradited.

With Orchard's confession held in secret, Idaho Governor Gooding sent deputies to Denver to apply for extradition of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. Governor McDonald of Colorado granted it. The three were arrested and put on a special train to Boise, then escorted to separate cells in the penitentiary. Next day Orchard's confession was released.

It is improbable that many confessions have been read with greater interest in so many different places. The owners of the Vindicator mine in the Rockies learned who set the infernal machine that killed two of their superintendents. The people of Independence, Colorado, learned who blew up their railroad station and thirteen men; and the survivors, several amputees among them, would never forget the names of Harry Orchard and Steve Adams. In Denver, the list of unsolved crimes was reduced by two, for Orchard cleared the mystery of Marritt W. Walley's death and that of Lyte Gregory, mine detective.

Darrow versus Borah in court

Even faced with these black crimes, however, the Western Federation unions rallied to defend the men whom Orchard said had ordered them. The Silverton, Colorado, miners sent five thousand dollars to the executive board. The Telluride union matched that sum. The miners around Goldfield, Nevada, sent six thousand.

The ranks of counsel took form almost at once. That for Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone was headed by E. F. Richardson, of Denver, whose associates were to be Edgar Wilson and John Nugent, of Boise, Fred Miller, of Spokane, and Clarence Darrow, of Chicago. The prosecution was in charge of Owen M. Van Duyn, district attorney, and James Hawley and William E. Borah, the same Borah, who, as a U. S. senator, was to speak so forcefully in favor of U. S. isolation and against the League of Nations.

William Dudley Haywood was selected to be tried first. The trials were to be in Boise, the state capital. Judge Fremont Wood was to preside. The court calendar set the Haywood case to begin May 9, 1907, some fifteen months after the men were arrested.

Few trials have had more advance advertising. Haywood had no more than landed in the jail than he prepared a startling poster which was printed and distributed by the thousands from Western Federation headquarters. It displayed a picture of a train of passenger coaches streaking through the Rockies and labeled "The Kidnapers' Train." With it were photographs of Moyer, Pettibone and Haywood, fairly loaded with handcuffs. In large type across the top was a slogan from the U. S. Socialist Party leader, Eugene Debs:

AROUSE, YE SLAVES! THEIR
ONLY CRIME IS LOYALTY TO THE
WORKING CLASS!

Labor unions staged parades of protest in many cities. There was to be no sitting on the fence. Either you were for Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, or you were against them. Even the president of the United States was not immune to the hysteria. In a private letter Theodore Roosevelt wrote that, whether or not these three men were guilty of the Steunenberg murder, they were "undesirable citizens." Within a week union men the country over were wearing buttons which were inscribed, "I am An Undesirable Citizen."

Just after Haywood's trial got under way, Ethel Barrymore came to town with her touring company to present a revival of Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. She found the Idan-ha Hotel "full of extraordinary people." Most everybody seemed to be armed, and she was shown a bedroom where the mattress was raised to reveal Winchester rifles. When she asked what was happening in Boise, she was told simply, "This is the Haywood trial. The whole town is a fort."

Miss Barrymore obviously had never heard of Haywood or the other prisoners, nor of "a man named Clarence Darrow and a man named William Borah," but she eagerly accepted an invitation to attend the trial. She saw Harry Orchard on the stand, and this "great killer," she thought, looked like a respectable grocer, "a little like Mr. Hobbs in Little Lord Fauntleroy."

The defense hoped to prove that Orchard had killed Steunenberg not at behest of Haywood and the Western Federation but because of a personal matter. "No, sir," said Orchard, "I had no feeling about Governor Steunenberg one way or the other. But the 'Inner Circle' of the federation had it in for him."

Before Haywood's trial began, the defense agreed among themselves that Richardson should handle most of the cross-examination and that Darrow should make the final appeal. Richardson sought to show what an inhuman monster Harry Orchard was. Orchard did not mind.

Q. Why did you shoot Lyte Gregory three times with a sawed-off shotgun?

A. He didn't go down until the third shot.

Q. You kept pumping until he did go down?

A. Yes, sir, I kept pumping until he went down dead.

Richardson made a long statement in regard to Orchard's depravity and dishonesty, then asked:

Q. It was your habit to lie about everything, wasn't it?

A. Yes, sir, whenever it suited my purpose.

Richardson brought the witness to the time when Orchard had toted a bomb into the Idan-ha Hotel, Boise, with the idea of planting it in Governor Steunenberg's bedroom there.

Q. This bomb would have blown the hotel to pieces, wouldn't it?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And you were willing to do this?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you expect to stay in the hotel that night?

A. No, sir.

Q. You were willing to kill everyone but yourself?

A. Yes, sir.

Not once did Orchard seek to mitigate the long series of horrors he had perpetrated. He was merely a professional killer.

Darrow thought it worth while to bring eighty-odd witnesses to the stand to show Orchard was lying in one or more details. Five of these claimed to have heard him make threats against the life of Steunenberg. On cross-examination Hawley showed all five witnesses were members of a miners' union.

After seventy-eight days of legal action, during which Darrow and Hawley displayed great energy and some of the finest invective the press had been privileged to hear, the reservoirs of witnesses were exhausted. It was time for Darrow to make his final plea for Haywood, after which Borah was to give the closing argument for the state.

Darrow's argument occupied almost eleven hours. Boise was jammed with people, only a small number of whom could get into the courtroom; but the weather was blistering and all the courthouse windows and doors were open. The lawn and virtually all space around the building was filled with the hopeful, the worried, and the merely curious. Whichever they were, they heard a master of spoken prose, and some caught glimpses of him through the windows.

Dressed in a slouchy grey suit, a wisp of hair falling across his forehead, he liked to walk up and down before the jury, his left hand in a coat pocket, right hand holding his glasses and making gestures of attack, of appeal, astonishment, contempt.

First, Darrow wanted the jury to know what the Western Federation of Miners was. It was the federation, not Haywood, he said, that was on trial. It had come into being to protect the wage slaves from their masters, the greedy and grossly brutal mine operators' associations. Darrow proceeded to instruct the jury—and the United States—in regard to the plight of the workers in the mines, the mills and smelters of the Rocky Mountain region.

Before the unions came, these men had worked twelve hours a day in the gloomy



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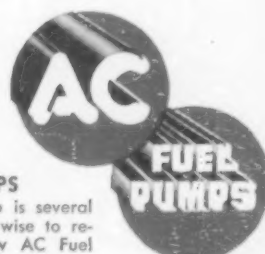
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bowels of the earth, where the haste and carelessness of hard-pressed overseers had resulted in fires, explosions and cave-ins beyond knowing. Injury or death always accompanied the meager wages. Conditions were no better above ground. The dreadful fumes of arsenic arose from the ores being treated to paralyze the arms and legs of the workers. Their teeth loosened and fell out. Five years, Darrow estimated, was the average life of men under such conditions.

The local unions had tried to improve matters and had, Darrow said, to some extent succeeded in doing so; yet they quickly discovered they were no match for the mine owners, who banded together in districts to crush the local unions. The need was clear. A few far-sighted and courageous miners had formed the Western Federation, which most of the unions had joined, and the federation had spread its protective wings to the helpless, almost hopeless workers.

"Labor unions," Darrow admitted, "are often brutal, they are often cruel, they are often unjust . . . I don't care how many brutalities they are guilty of. I know that their cause is just."

Attorney William E. Borah was not asleep, and he arose to object. "This is merely a murder trial," he said. "We are not fighting organized labor."

Darrow shifted to Harry Orchard, to wonder aloud whether in Idaho or anywhere else "a man can be placed on trial and lawyers seriously ask to take the life of a human being upon the testimony of Harry Orchard." He paused to contemplate for a moment the object of his loathing, who remained placidly cheerful. Then Darrow fairly exploded. "For God's sake," he cried, "what sort of a community exists up here in the state of Idaho that sane men should ask it? Need I come here from Chicago to defend the honor of your state? If twelve jurors could take away the life of a human being because a man like Orchard pointed his finger at him to save his own life, then I would say that human life would be safer in the hands of Harry Orchard than in the hands of a jury that would do it. A man who would believe Orchard would strike a blow against his own manhood and the manhood of all men."

No matter that Borah called this a murder trial, Darrow returned to the "class war."

"I speak for the poor," he told them. (The voice came up from the depths of misery.) "I speak for the weak, for the weary, for that long line of men who, in darkness and despair, have borne the labors of the human race. Their eyes are upon you twelve men of Idaho. If you kill Haywood your act will be applauded by many. In the railroad offices of our great cities men will applaud your names. If you decree his death, amongst the spiders of Wall Street will go up paeans of praise for these twelve good men and true. In every bank in the world, where men hate Haywood because he fights for the poor against the accursed system upon which the favored live and grow rich—from all those you will receive blessings and unstinted praise."

Railroads. Banks. Wall Street. In 1907 these things were symbolic words. They conjured up automatically what in many minds were the most sinister forces in the United States. Darrow knew his jury. They were all or had been farmers. Eleven of them were over fifty. Among them, it seemed likely, must be the left-wingers of the Nineties. That residue of antagonism toward railroads, banks and Wall Street might turn the trick.

"But," said Darrow in closing, "if your verdict should be 'not guilty' there are

still those who will reverently bow their heads and thank these twelve men for the life and reputation you have saved. Out on our broad prairies where men toil with their hands, out on the wide ocean where men are tossed and buffeted on the waves, through our mills and factories and deep under the earth, thousands of men and of women and children—men who labor, men who suffer, women and children weary with care and toil—these men and these women and these children will kneel tonight and ask their God to guide your hearts."

In his closing address Borah was pretty effective too. There was possibly less poetry in him than in Darrow, yet he marshaled the evidence with skill and dramatic power. He moved to attack Darrow almost at once.

"Gentlemen," he said to the jury, "if Orchard had not turned state's evidence, he would now be on trial and the eminent counsel from Chicago would be defending him with all the eloquence he possessed instead of denouncing him as the most despicable monster on earth."

"I saw that night," he cried, "that bleak winter night with the blood of my dear friend marking the white earth. I saw Idaho dishonored and disgraced. I saw murder—no, a thousand times worse—I saw Anarchy unfold its red menace . . ."

Borah continued: "What a scene we have passed through in these days of trial! Twenty-odd murders proven and not a single man punished. Many blown to pieces. Think of it—laboring men trying to earn their daily bread, trying to plant the dimple of joy upon the faces of prattling babes, trying to drive the shadows from the simple hearth—blown to an unrecognizable mass because they were not union men!" Yet, the prosecution was not fighting union labor. "This trial has no other purpose or implication than conviction and punishment of the assassins of Governor Steunenberg."

Borah told the jury what they were facing and asked them a question. "Right here at home," he said, "we see Anarchy, that pale, restless hungry demon from the crypts of hell, fighting for a foothold in Idaho! Should we compromise with it? Or should we crush it?" Then he brought the jury back again to the tragic and bereaved home in Caldwell. "I only want," Borah told the jurors, "what you want—the gates to our homes—the gate whose inward swing tells of the returning husband and father, shielded by the courage and manhood of Idaho juries."

If there were lumps in throats when Darrow had finished, there were eyes misty when Borah was done.

It was now late Saturday afternoon, July 27. The jury retired. Early Sunday morning guards took Haywood to the courtroom to hear the verdict. Not guilty!

Much of Boise was stunned. The usual Sabbath morning quiet of a small city seemed intensified. As one citizen recalled it, "the community was so confident of conviction that the shock was all but paralyzing."

Pettibone's trial was something of an anticlimax. Though the courtroom was filled to capacity every day, nothing like the tense excitement that attended Haywood's trial developed. Harry Orchard took the stand to repeat his confession. Instead of abusing him, this time Darrow treated him with pseudo kindness, even pity, seeking to have the by-now-sophisticated witness elaborate on his more horrible deeds.

Darrow was suffering from an ear infection. Even Pettibone urged him to quit. He returned to the courtroom once more. Then he told the court he was compelled to leave the case. He went to Los Angeles, where he entered the California

Hospital. He was not surprised, seven days later, when a telegram informed him that Pettibone had been acquitted. The latter was freed and the case against Moyer was dropped.

It was now March. The year was 1908. More than two years had passed since Orchard's arrest and confession. Of those who had been indicted in the murder of Frank Steunenberg, only Jack Simpkins and Orchard remained to be tried. Simpkins was still in hiding and was never caught. Orchard was arraigned before Judge Fremont Wood, who had presided at the Haywood and Pettibone trials. Orchard changed his plea to guilty. Judge Wood sentenced him to death by hanging and set May 15 for the time of execution. Having done as much, the judge made recommendation to the Idaho Board of Pardons for commutation from death to life imprisonment. It was granted with the jury's approval.

In passing judgment upon Orchard Judge Wood made it clear he believed the man had spoken nothing but the truth, and that he considered Haywood and Pettibone guilty. No statement did more to clarify an affair which for more than two years had bewildered honest people and left them to wonder if western United States had been taken over by dynamite-laden thugs wearing the false face of Labor, or by cynical and greedy mine operators posing as the Law.

"I want," said he, "to take the opportunity to say to the associates in crime of this defendant that they cannot by such acts terrorize American executives and prevent them from performing their plain duties, and they cannot prevent American courts from declaring the law exactly as they find it." It left little doubt as to Judge Wood's opinion in regard to the high command of the Western Federation of Miners.

When the judge was done, Harry Orchard was returned to the penitentiary where he had already spent more than two years. This time, however, he was in for life, and life for Orchard turned out to be quite a span—forty-eight years.

When he died at last on April 13, 1954, he had survived all the figures whom his crimes had brought into eminence. Big Bill Haywood switched allegiance from the Western Federation to the Wobblies, which for almost a decade fought union battles in mine and logging camps throughout the western U. S. Arrested in the Palmer Raids on Wobbly halls in 1917, he was sentenced to penitentiary; but, released on bail, he fled to Russia, where he died. Moyer died too, in disillusionment, his Western Federation weakened by strife with both mine owners and the ambitious Wobblies.

McParlan went too, the most famous detective of his day; then Borah, after battering away in the senate against the Treaty of Versailles, the League of Nations; finally Darrow, after leaving a history of famous court cases.

The wardens came, the wardens went. Orchard saw in the papers where the Western Federation had changed its name to become the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. Of more significance was the fact that the federation also changed its preamble. Since 1907 the preamble had been specifically based on the class struggle. The union's new objectives were merely better wages, shorter hours and improved working conditions. Tame enough. Not a stick of dynamite in any of it. ★

The story of Harry Orchard will be included in the book, *The Rocky Mountain Revolution*, to be published later by Henry Holt, New York, and George J. McLeod, Toronto.

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At first they laughed at oil; now Virden people are cashing in, though few get wealthy



Section hand Mike Kalinski had first well in Virden. Some think he's rich but Mike gets \$40 a month royalties.



Widow Lena Hauk, with oil rights on twenty acres, cashes \$280 a month in royalties. Few in Virden do that well.



Drillers Ralph Atkinson (left) and his partner Steve Hegion are really businessmen who sank a well on what everyone thought was dry land. Now it's yielding them 80 barrels a day.



Oilman George McIvor and his brother Hart came home from Alberta and found oil on their grandfather's farm.



Farmer Herbert Grose bought 640 acres near Virden in 1919, now has fifteen wells which give him \$3,500 a month.

a gentle, cultured community of farmers' fairs, teas and lawn bowling, music and drama. In the Thirties there were Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the Auditorium Theatre. The theatre, now a movie house, still has its stage and dressing rooms and every year Virden produces one of the best music and arts festivals in Manitoba.

Nobody was much interested when, in the late Forties, geophysical crews prowled the rural roads, tamping dynamite into the earth and setting off small explosions. The resultant sound waves, traveling through "geophones," similar to microphones, passed through sensitive instruments which drew graph pictures of the underground strata—and told a story of oil.

"But we were more concerned when the oil men began marrying some of our best girls," says Mrs. Anne Anderson, Virden correspondent for three Manitoba daily papers.

When the California Standard company—which now holds fifty percent of the producing wells in Manitoba—brought in its first producer in January 1951, Virden's weekly, the *Empire-Advance*, ran a banner headline. But in the next issue editor Rundle McLachlan cautioned "... We talk a lot, maybe dream a bit but we do not go wildly off the deep end. When we are sure there is something to celebrate we'll celebrate. Not before."

For farmers there was something to celebrate. They owned more oil rights than farmers in any other province. Until 1890 homesteaders obtaining western land from the federal government also got the mineral rights. By that time much of Manitoba was settled. Then the government withheld mineral rights in all land deals, later transferring the rights to provincial governments.

Most of Saskatchewan and Alberta was settled after 1890. Consequently the Saskatchewan government holds approximately sixty percent of provincial mineral rights and Alberta's government holds some eighty-three percent. But in Manitoba about seventy-eight percent of the oil rights are "freehold"—held by private individuals or companies. Oil companies shoulder all risk and expense and pay the land holder a twelve-and-a-half-percent royalty on gross revenue.

During the exploration period some Manitoba farmers didn't realize the value of their oil rights and sold the rights to speculators for as little as eighty dollars per hundred and sixty acres. Wiser men, like Charles Cruickshank, waited. Cruickshank, a Scot, rented a half section fourteen miles southwest of Virden in 1911. Over the next forty years he acquired five children, fourteen grandchildren, a total of six hundred and forty acres, but never had a decent holiday.

"In the Depression I'd have walked off this place without so much as good-bye if I'd had another place to go," Cruickshank says.

Then in 1952 oil wells began popping up on his land. He had mineral rights to twelve. For a while he made four thousand dollars a month in royalties although taxes took about half of it. Slackening production has now cut his oil income by about one half.

He turned his farm over to a son and made two flying trips to Scotland—one

of them followed by a bus tour of France, Italy and Switzerland—and a bus tour of the southern U.S., followed by a plane trip to Hawaii.

Cruickshank's farm and others blossomed into the Daly field which now has two hundred producing wells. Manitoba oil is a light crude, suitable for refining into gasoline. It lies at only two thousand to twenty-five hundred feet, as compared with five or ten thousand feet in Alberta. Consequently Manitoba drilling costs average about forty thousand dollars a well compared with at least seventy thousand, and often much more, in Alberta.

By sheer luck, the Daly field lies beside the Edmonton-Sarnia Interprovincial pipeline. It's a simple matter to truck or pipe Manitoba crude to the Interprovincial pumping station, fifteen miles southwest of Virden.

Drilling for oil on a hunch

These economic advantages brought most major companies and many small ones into Virden. The town was baffled by their haste.

"You mean you work *all night*?" cried a shocked lumber-yard operator, when asked for an overnight delivery of oil-well cement.

Otherwise, Virden was unimpressed. Everyone thought the Daly was an isolated field. Experts said the area immediately around Virden was dry.

"We're not counting our chickens yet," said Mayor D. J. Reid, a methodical insurance man, of Scottish descent.

But brothers George and Hart McIvor, also Virden natives and of Scottish descent, came home that summer. They were in the Alberta oil business and had Alberta's venturesome spirit. Hart completed a drilling contract around Virden and, on a hunch, drilled on his grandfather's farm, Roselea.

Had he drilled on his first choice of sites—which later proved worthless—there might be no Virden boom today. But there was a wheat crop on the site and it seemed a shame to flatten the grain so McIvor drilled in a pasture, and brought in a free-flowing well half a mile from Virden.

Crowds hurried to the scene. The well blew a second time, splashing them with crude. Nobody complained, least of all the McIvors who have three producing wells on the farm now.

The McIvor strike started a drilling

stampede. Virden took on new companies. Land along the Trans-Canada highway at the north edge of town went from thirty to five hundred dollars an acre. Probably the luckiest landowner was Herbert Grose, who bought six hundred and forty acres north of town in 1919. Grose now has fifteen producing wells and has sold parcels of land to several firms. He's retired in Virden and his son, Gordon, farms the remaining land. According to production statistics, the wells this year were paying the family about \$3,500 a month.

Not all farmers are as lucky. Deputy-Mayor J. C. Cory insists, with a Virdenite's penchant for playing down the boom, "You can count the really wealthy ones on your fingers."

But a glance at Department of Mines and Resources statistics shows that at least thirty Virden district farmers have an interest in two or more wells. They probably receive from sixty to two thousand dollars a month in royalties.

Until late 1953 there was no sign that Virden people would profit directly from oil. Then council called for bids to drill wells within the town. In May 1954 Virden accepted a bid from Ponder Oils, a Calgary-based company which has since sold its assets to Amurex.

Instead of the usual twelve-and-a-half-percent royalty Ponder promised Virden royalty holders fifty percent of the net proceeds—a less common but not unique deal. It meant Virdenites had to wait until drilling costs were paid before royalty cheques came in but on good wells they could make more money in the long run. If a well produces fifty thousand barrels in its lifetime, royalty holders will share perhaps thirty thousand dollars under the Ponder deal, as compared with roughly fifteen thousand under a twelve-and-a-half-percent payment. The CPR, CNR, town, provincial government and seven hundred and sixty-three individuals share mineral rights in Virden's six hundred and forty acres.

Mrs. Lena Hauk, an elderly widow with twenty acres of rights among four subdivisions, today receives about two hundred and eighty dollars a month in royalties. But most get only a trifle. For instance, a resident with mineral rights to the standard 50-by-117-foot lot—about one seventh of an acre—has only a one-three-hundredth interest in a well on a forty-acre subdivision. If the well averages fifteen hundred barrels a month, his annual royalty from Am-



Oil workers' homes in many cases are trailers since buildings can't keep up with growing population. The trailer dwellers pay five-dollar-a-month fee to the town.



The day the pumpkin went to church

The air was crisp and clear. You could hear a dog barking from a farm far away. Outside the church, the squirrels, looking sleek and ready for winter, scampered on the yellowing lawn.

A car rolled up the driveway and the squirrels shyly hid behind the trees. A woman and a little girl got out, the mother carrying a large basket of vegetables and a bouquet of zinnias, the girl struggling with the largest pumpkin she had ever seen.

"How many pies do you think it would make?" she asked,

and her mother could only guess. The little girl longed to see it, roundly resplendent in its orange robe, reigning over all the other decorations in the church next day.

For the girl and her mother it was a festive time, unclouded by the anxieties of former years. The growing seasons had been kind to them and to most of the farm families in their parish. Surely and swiftly the new farm machines had rolled up the harvest and deposited it safely out of the reach of the weather.

It was the day before Thanksgiving Sunday.

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urex is about sixty dollars.

Before drilling, Ponder had to complete a ticklish legal formality: all royalty holders had to agree to accept the sixteen forty-acre subdivisions as drilling units and to pool their interests accordingly, even though it meant that one householder might receive scraps of royalties from two or more wells. Ponder's representatives trudged from door to door. A few people were reluctant to sign, usually for no good reason. For instance, a royalty holder who lives in Utah balked because he didn't want

Virden "smelled up with oil."

By Dec. 4, 1954, the bulk of the legal work was done. Ponder sank a drill in Mike Kalinski's pasture on the east side of town. Crews gathered. Plump Mrs. Kalinski carried lunch to the drillers. Kalinski, a railway section worker, was mildly excited but he and his wife attended church as usual the next morning and their son, Norman, calmly studied for his Grade 12 Christmas exams.

When the well flowed, Dec. 29, young Kalinski's school pals nicknamed him "Gusher" and at home Mike predicted,

"Couple years we retire." He owned three acres of mineral rights, leased at twelve and a half percent to British-American. But this means he has only a twelve-and-a-half-percent interest in three fortieths of the well's production which, this year, is averaging nineteen hundred barrels a month. Recently Mrs. Kalinski said glumly, "Some months we get forty dollars, sometimes less. Everybody think we rich but Mike still work on the section, dollar-twenty an hour!"

The well didn't make Kalinski rich but it made him famous for a while because, with it, Virden finally deemed it safe to celebrate. On Jan. 13—four years from the first strike—Premier Douglas Campbell, the Kalinskis, cabinet ministers, oilmen and townsmen joined for ceremonies and speeches over the well.

Six days later a second well came in. Others followed at two- to three-week intervals. And Virden was calm again. Until all sixteen wells were in, the townsfolk decided, they'd string along with the Empire-Advance, which applauded the oil strikes but warned, "... It is wise not to count our chickens ..."

Furthermore, Ponder so carefully avoided noise and nuisance that most householders scarcely noticed the drilling. The crews used small rigs and muffled their diesel motors. They left no waste behind.

"My heart sank when I first saw this pretty little town," oilman Latham says. "I thought, 'How in hell is a man going to drill without messing it up?' But we found a way."

Ponder trucked out all mud and sludge, instead of burning or ditching it off near the well as is the practice in rural areas. Sometimes it was necessary to drill at an angle to put well heads where they'd be the least bother. Although the well bottom had to fall in the centre target area in each forty-acre tract it wasn't always possible to put the well head at dead centre.

The well head in Virden fair ground, for example, has its bottom across the street directly under the CPR tracks. Another, on the west edge of town near Gopher Creek, has its bottom under the

creek. No. 6-22 in Victoria Park is pumping oil from under the Canadian Legion Hall, two blocks away.

An expert driller from Edmonton was hired for each of these "directional" jobs. He deflected the drill-bit with a wedge, increased the curve by skilfully applying pressure, and arched the steel drill stem toward the target.

As each well came in Ponder encircled the pipe with cement to a depth of four hundred and fifty feet; thus a leak won't contaminate Virden's drinking water. The company caged each well to keep children out. Each well pump shuts off automatically under abnormal pressure, so a clogged line won't cause an explosion and perhaps a fire. Since Manitoba crude has a high salt-water content, Ponder pumps the water underground after it is separated from the oil.

These safety precautions and the conduct of Ponder's crews left Virden with new respect for oilmen. Earlier in the boom there'd been a few disturbing incidents. Once an oilman in festive mood and heavy boots ran a town block along the roofs of parked cars, a caper that distressed his company, the car owners and police.

But during Ponder's eleven-month assignment there were no hilarious street scenes. Latham urged the men to change their shirts and wash their faces before going downtown after a shift. The "roughnecks" conducted themselves like gentlemen.

Senior oilmen of all companies were winning Virden's admiration, too. Ben Bowering, a Ponder foreman, coached a boys' hockey team. Ralph Atkinson, originally a BA engineer, now partner in a two-man petroleum consultants' firm, was elected to town council. Dick Knapp-Fisher, superintendent of Trans-Prairie pipelines, became president of the Anglican church choir.

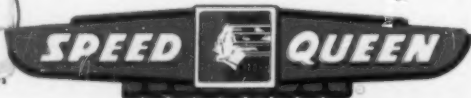
California Standard gave money for Virden's new fire trucks. Ponder offers an annual one-hundred-dollar scholarship for the Grade 12 student with highest standing. The ninety members of the Virden Oil Wives club have raised thirteen hundred dollars from bake sales.

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bazaars, tag days and a fashion show, for Virden public library, hospital, Red Cross, Scouts, Guides, swimming pool and playground funds.

But although everyone liked the oilmen and their wells Virden was far from jubilant. House building couldn't keep up with the population. Rentals went from as little as thirty dollars a month to as high as a hundred and twenty. At one time two hundred families lived in trailers in backyards, vacant lots and the park. The town had no waterworks or sewage and sanitation was a serious problem. So, in 1953, Virden laid a \$6,000 water and sewer system and ceremoniously burned an old-fashioned privy in a downtown street.

Still, the crowded trailers were a fire hazard. (Theoretically so are the oil wells but there hasn't been a town oil fire.) So early this year Virden replaced its antiquated fire trucks with two ten-thousand-dollar pumpers which carry foam equipment for oil fires, as well as standard water gear.

Streets surfaced with oil

Next—what to do about trailer dwellers who used town facilities but paid no taxes? Obviously Virden couldn't ban its oil population. Finally the Manitoba legislature ruled that towns could license trailers. A hundred trailerites now pay Virden a five-dollar monthly fee.

In pre-boom days Virden had parking problems only on Saturday night. With the boom parking space was at a premium every day. The narrow streets were choked with cars and dust. So, while the RCMP increased its local force from four to six and cracked down on speeders, Virden adopted a one-way street, lowered the speed limit from thirty to twenty miles an hour, routed heavy trucks around town, laid forty thousand dollars' worth of pavement and oiled the remaining gravel streets. Now the only complaints are from mothers who say their kids track crude oil into the kitchen.

Meanwhile the Manitoba Power Commission spent a half million dollars extending services to the oil fields, where four hundred and eighty-four pumps operate electrically. Manitoba Government Telephones installed six hundred and twelve new town phones and fourteen "mobile" radio-telephones in automobiles. Oilmen in Virden fields often pick up the receiver on their dashboard and phone Calgary or Edmonton. Since 1951 the Virden office's long-distance revenue has increased from eighteen thousand dollars a year to a hundred and thirty thousand.

Finally even downtown Virden discarded its caution and some of its archaic brick fronts. In May 1955 newcomer Manson Martin bought a ramshackle restaurant and turned it into a glass-brick and green-tile drugstore with straw-mat window shades. A few weeks later Higginbotham's pharmacy across the street, vintage 1883, appeared in glass, aluminum, blue tile and straw-mat window shades. A dozen other shops donned new fronts. Manager Duncan Elliott of the old Alexandra hotel fitted some rooms with wall-to-wall carpet, matched bedroom suites and private baths—rare luxury for a prairie-town hotel.

The school problem caused Virden's most serious rift. In 1952 the town had thirteen teachers and three hundred and ninety-two students. Now it has twenty-six teachers and seven hundred and fifty students. Classes have overflowed into basements and auditoriums. The only suitable new school site was a five-acre chunk of the fair grounds, overlapping



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the racetrack where for decades the Virden Agricultural Society has held a June meet.

The town asked for the land. The society balked. The town expropriated it. The society claimed fifty-eight thousand dollars damages and was awarded fifteen hundred dollars in court. This summer as a ten-room school rose on the fair grounds, town and society had smoothed over most of their differences with plans to enlarge the fair grounds and form an agricultural-recreational centre for everyone.

And Virden was fresh out of problems, but just as sober as ever. Drilling activity was moving east toward Brandon, on speculation, and west to Estevan, Sask., the prairies' newest oil hot spot. Virden's super-cautious citizens were saying, "When drilling stops and the wells peter out this'll be a one-horse town again. Wait and see. Don't count your chickens..."

But the odds are against a Virden slump. For one thing, new wells are still coming in. In June councilman-oilman Ralph Atkinson and his partner, geologist Steve Hegion, drilled on what experts said was dry land. They brought in a well worth at least eighty barrels a day.

Furthermore, millions of barrels of crude lie untouched in Virden wells, as in many other prairie wells. An imper-

meable rock structure in the oil zone, combined with low gas pressure, permits recovery of only about thirty percent of Virden area oil. Companies are experimenting with "secondary recovery" techniques which, if successful, will force more oil from dead wells and add years of life to the industry.

Finally, Virden is becoming headquarters for such flourishing small firms as Henuet Brothers Pipelines. Three years ago Henry Henuet, a one-time farmer who learned welding in a wartime Vancouver shipyard, bought a fifty-dollar panel truck and, with his younger brother Arthur, began laying pipeline around Virden. Today they own nearly half a million dollars' worth of equipment, including twenty-seven trucks and eleven Caterpillar tractors. From Virden they employ sixty men across the prairie provinces.

"We're just working for fun now," says thirty-five-year-old Henry. "We don't need any more money."

Such businesses and such confidence give Virden a more permanent future than its one-time role of mere oil-producing town. Recently Mayor Reid admitted, albeit cautiously, "We now recognize that the oil business will be with us for a long time."

These are strange rash words for Virden. Any year now the place may start acting like a boom town. ★



What cash-register evangelism is doing for the churches

Continued from page 15

The people of Lakeburn United Church, in Moncton, N.B., and the Wells Organizations parted company after a fund-raising drive did not bring in the money pledged. Wells says it offered to make a return canvass but that the offer was not accepted by a new minister who had taken over the Lakeburn pulpit after the Wells canvass had been made. The organization, claiming it was not allowed to deal directly with the laymen of the congregation on the question of a second canvass, made no rebate, and the congregation settled down to pay off a bank debt of more than nineteen hundred dollars that it had borrowed to pay the Wells Organizations' fee and canvass expenses.

A Wells canvass resulted in a congregational split at Downsview United Church, in northwest Toronto. Sydney Steele, the church's recording steward, says, "Many of the congregation were rubbed the wrong way. Quite a few refused to help with the canvass. Instead of getting us all pepped up, we cooled." The canvass was halted, under clouds of hostility. However, when the air had cleared again, a repeat canvass was made, this time under the direction of a different Wells representative, and the sixty-thousand-dollar goal was reached.

Whenever trouble ensues from a Wells Organizations canvass, details and specific causes are difficult to unearth in either camp. Beyond "pressure" and "un-churchlike tactics," Sydney Steele will not particularize. The Wells people call it "an incomplete canvass" and stop there. In Quesnel, B.C., two churches engaged Wells. They fell short of their objectives, dissension developed, and both terminated the campaigns with demands for a refund of their four-thousand-dollar fees. The refunds were granted. And yet, while this unpleasantness was going on,

St. Andrew's United Church in Sudbury, Ont., launched a campaign to raise two hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars during a three-year period. That amount had been pledged just three days after the canvass was started. Two weeks later pledges had topped four hundred thousand dollars, and the weekly collections show that the congregation is standing up to its pledges. The people of St. Andrew's now can not only increase their own budget and capital spending, but are making gifts averaging twenty-five thousand dollars to smaller mission churches in the Sudbury area.

H. B. Wood, chairman for the St. Andrew's canvass, says, "The fellowship created among our committees and canvassers will have a long and lasting effect. Wells has taught us something we could never have learned otherwise."

While the Wells Organizations acknowledges that dissensions do sometimes crop up, it claims that they are rarities, and that more than ninety-four percent of the organization's campaigns are successful.

Perhaps some of the success it claims is due to its expertness in employing the right word at the right time. Lewis Wells, for instance, never speaks of giving without using one or two adjectives. There is "sacrificial" giving (good) and "token" giving (one shudders). Sacrificial giving, Wells maintains, strengthens the giver spiritually: "He is a more valuable member of his church than the token giver, apart from the monetary aspect. The good giver always votes progressively in church matters; the token giver votes 'no.'" Wells is irked by the practice in most churches of seemingly cloaking the taking of the collection with hymn singing, solos or other diversions. He will sometimes rebuke a minister for this. "Giving is, or should be, an act of wor-



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ship in itself," he says. "It is just as devotional as singing a psalm or offering a prayer. How can anyone perform two acts of worship at the same time? Why do so many pastors think that the offering has to be got through with the help of some distracting exercise?"

Wells is president of all Wells Organizations, in all countries where they are located. Apart from that connection, the Canadian organization is completely Canadian. There are no Americans among Wells' personnel in this country. Manager Jim Johnston's key men, apart from department heads, are the thirty-four directors who organize and guide the actual canvasses. They are chosen for tact, business sense and a capacity for hard work. Among the directors are matriculants and BAs. Their previous occupations are diverse. One is a former farmer, another a former executive with an oil company. The only religious touch in the Toronto head office is provided by a couple of reproductions of the popular Sallman painting of Christ. If there is an atmosphere of devotion about the place it is devotion to duty—Wells duty. All Wells employees are church members, but their religious lives and church-giving habits are their own individual business as far as the Wells management is concerned.

When one of the senior directors was recently asked how much he gave to his own church, he replied, heatedly, but not too specifically: "We are urging others to give to their churches, and give to the limit. We could not do that for long without satisfying ourselves that we were in a moral position to do so." Most of the men are smokers and some will let slip a cuss word at times. "This is a business run by businessmen along business lines, and we don't try to pretend that it is anything else," Johnston says. He adds, "But we look upon it as being a business with a mission."

The Wells technique for church fund raising, called "the Wells way" in the organization, has been described by some of the organization's critics as "merely a copy of money-raising methods used by the churches during the past hundred years—pepping up a canvassing corps, the church dinner to launch the campaign, and the canvassers' visits to the people's homes to collect the pledges." That is partly true. But it is like saying that travel between Winnipeg and Brandon has not changed in a hundred years because you still go on four wheels in a westerly direction. The Wells people stand by the adjuration, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but have introduced some flourishes and psychological jolts just to make sure everyone shall be thoroughly blessed.

Their methods were effectively demonstrated in a canvass conducted eighteen months ago in the Collier Street United Church in Barrie, Ont., an average county town of seventeen thousand people with several small industries that provide an even flow of prosperity. The Collier Street congregation is the fourth generation of worshipers to attend the red-brick church on the fringe of the town's business area. It is what is called an active congregation, numbering six hundred families. The minister, Rev. S. E. Lewis, has been in the Collier Street pulpit for seventeen years, practically all his ministerial life. He is still a young man, slim, mustached and quiet-spoken. He and Mrs. Lewis have two children, the older one preparing for university.

The church needed at least one hundred thousand dollars for a new Sunday-school building. The one in use had been built fifty years ago to hold a hundred children; now, five hundred children were trying to find room in it every

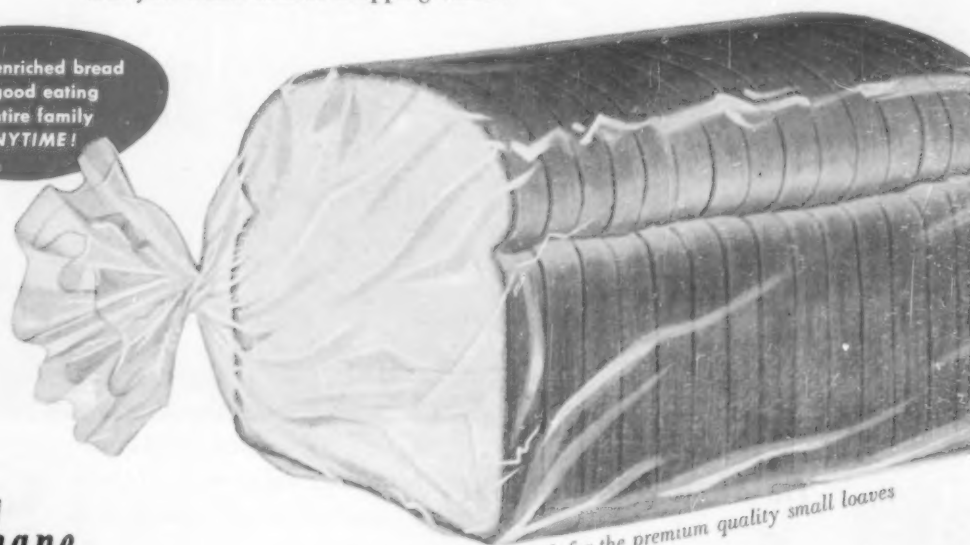
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Sunday. "That meant a long period of heavy indebtedness — or the Wells people," Lewis explains, "so I called Wells."

The answer to Lewis' call was a spare but impeccable executive named Howard Allen, a former managing director of a Montreal firm of sales-management consultants. He joined the Wells Organizations as a canvass director late in 1953. Allen met with the minister and stewards. He asked for the membership roll, complete with donation records and members' occupations. This was produced. (Such

a request has only been refused once. A Montreal church would not open its records to the Wells representative and, perhaps as a result, the canvass objective was not reached.) Allen studied the records and agreed that the canvass objective should be a hundred thousand dollars. The organization's fee would be fifty-two hundred and twenty-five dollars. (If an objective isn't achieved after a canvass the Wells Organizations will make a second canvass at no extra charge. If, however, the church does not want a return canvass, the organiza-

tion will return its fee. To date, says Johnston, thirty-seven repeat canvasses have been requested and only four churches, declining a second drive, have asked for their money back.)

The Wells fee need not be paid all at once, but it must be paid in full by the time the canvass is completed—in about four weeks. Fees are not determined on a straight percentage basis. The estimated length of time of a canvass is considered, the probable expenses of the organization and other factors. But fees usually work out to about five per-

cent of the objective on large canvasses, and as high as ten percent on small ones.

When the fee had been accepted at Barrie, Allen then explained that other canvass costs—involving a booklet, a dinner and stenographic fees — to be borne by the church could be expected to reach twenty-five hundred dollars. The actual canvass began when Allen and C. L. Chittick, a leading lay member of the church, sat down together. It wasn't a lengthy session. Chittick, a retired car dealer and a veteran church worker, was told that by being the first to pledge he was setting the example that might mean success or failure for the entire canvass. Chittick had been an average giver. His yearly donations ran around a hundred and twenty dollars; but now, under Allen's persuasion, he offered to pledge a thousand. The pledge was accepted and Chittick then called on his minister to obtain the minister's pledge.

There are few pastors in North America who are not yet aware of the general technique used by Wells, so Lewis was prepared. He told Chittick that he himself was pledging a thousand dollars over a three-year period. Six dollars a week was quite a chunk out of a thirty-three-hundred-dollar salary. But Wells persuades most ministers to do as much. In fact, some have to be sat on. One minister tried to pledge twenty-five hundred out of a thirty-five-hundred-dollar salary. The Wells director and the minister's lay helpers had quite a time quenching his fervor and getting his pledge down to a reasonable figure.

Other ministers balk at the idea of giving what frequently amounts to a tithe of their salary. When this happens the director feels he must be firm. The organization has gone so far as to abandon a canvass before it started because the minister refused to pledge the minimum amount thought necessary by the director. The psychological factor is easily understood. When a layman gives, no one can be sure that it hurts. A generous pledge by a minister or priest is recognized by his congregation as being genuinely sacrificial. It inspires, or shames, them into following suit.

\$5,000 wasn't nearly enough

"When Mr. Lewis told me he would pledge a thousand, I was jarred, to put it mildly," Chittick confesses. "I knew what a sacrifice it meant. I have no income these days so anything like this comes from savings, but I sharpened my pencil and decided to increase my pledge to twelve hundred."

This initial lay pledge always has to be a good one. The Wells Organizations never willingly allows a donor to get away with what looks to others like a large pledge. It has to look large to him, too. During a Toronto canvass a director handed Johnston a cheque for five thousand dollars that had been offered by a man well able to afford more. "What do we do with it?" the director asked. "Tell him we tore it up," Johnston replied, tearing it up. Two days later the man himself appeared at the Wells offices with a cheque for eighteen thousand dollars, and apologies. Refusing the five thousand was not done in sheer bravado: if the man had not repented and increased his pledge the canvass would probably have been a failure anyway.

When the No. 1 lay pledge and that of the minister at Barrie's Collier Street United had been obtained, Chittick canvassed other congregation members of the upper financial brackets. He was prepared to announce his own pledge to each before asking for their pledges. It is Wells psychology for a canvasser

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to reveal his own pledge to a prospect in his own financial bracket, before asking the amount of the prospect's pledge. It usually results in a hasty revision upward in the mind of the prospect. In this case it wasn't necessary. All but one of Chittick's prospects were ready with pledges that he knew were about the best they could do. "And," Chittick recalls, "the holdout increased his amount before anybody twisted his arm." In two days Chittick collected seventeen thousand dollars from nine people.

As the initial pledges were received, the pledgers were assigned to chairmanships of various canvassing committees and they, in turn, canvassed their committeemen. Neil MacDonald, secretary-treasurer of a tanning mill, who had been giving a hundred and twenty-five dollars a year to the church, increased his donation by five hundred dollars a year. "I think our pastor Mr. Lewis' pledge did more than anything to spark the whole campaign," MacDonald declares.

Seven leaders of the canvass made their pledges while sitting around a table. Others canvassed each other by phone, or in brief calls at offices or homes. Within ten days of the time Allen had arrived in town, almost thirty thousand dollars had been pledged; and the general canvass was still to come.

Allen remained a shadowy figure in the background. He made no direct canvass, except for the initial pledging of Chittick. His job was to counsel the canvassers, help with the selection of committee members and unobtrusively direct their tasks. Ninety percent of the congregation would not have recognized Allen if they had passed him on the street.

Meanwhile, a publicity committee was preparing a sixteen-page booklet giving the history of Collier Street United Church and the reason for the campaign. Here, the Wells touch was again apparent. It couldn't be an ordinary mimeographed job, run off in the church secretary's office. It was printed, on coated stock, and well illustrated with copper halftones. The booklets cost thirty-five cents each and were mailed free to six hundred families. Allen did the final editing and saw to it that the story of Collier Street United Church was presented in an intimate and chatty manner, yet in a way that would arouse pride in the reader.

When members received the elaborately produced booklet they felt that this was to be no ordinary canvass. When the next Wells broadside was fired at them—the church dinner—they were sure of it. When things are done the Wells way a church dinner is called a Loyalty Dinner, in capital letters, and it is nothing like the traditional basement beano of cold ham, scalloped potatoes and coffee poured from enamel pitchers into shaving mugs.

A hostess committee had been formed and each member was given a list of ten guests whom she was to invite personally to the Loyalty Dinner. This method ensures a larger attendance than a general invitation, casually announced from the pulpit. More than five hundred members of the Collier United Church turned up for the Loyalty Dinner, which was free, and held in the Armoury. The meal was prepared by a Toronto caterer, rushed in insulated containers sixty miles to Barrie, and followed by a busload of thirty waitresses and dish washers, just so the women of the congregation would not have to work. The menu was fruit cup, stuffed pork tenderloin, creamed potatoes, mixed vegetables, deep apple pie with ice cream and coffee in bone-china cups brought by the caterer. The bill

amounted to sixteen hundred dollars.

The congregational dinner is an old weapon in church fund-raising campaigns, but in the Wells armory it has been reformed, sharpened and brightened. The Wells Organizations insists that the dinner be provided by an outside firm, preferably a caterer, so that the entire congregation may sit down at once in care-free unity. The meal must be good and well planned. Ceremonies mustn't drag. It is here that the congregation gets its first news of the large initial pledges. The full force of their exemplary value must

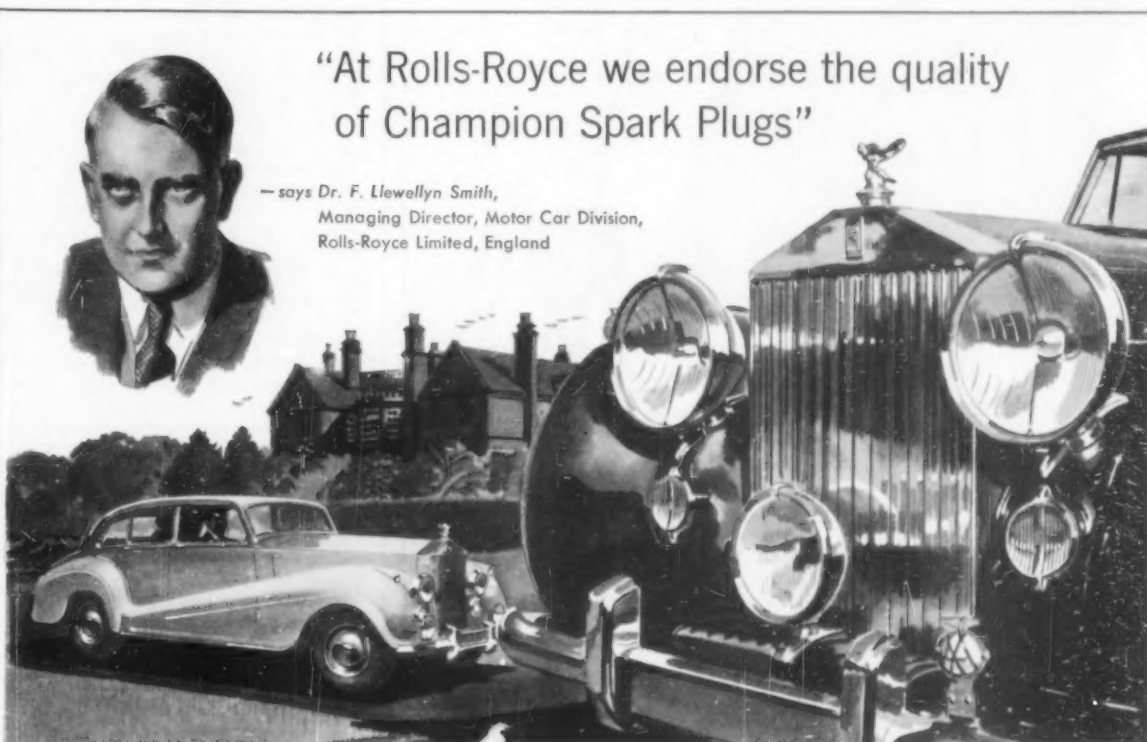
be absorbed in an atmosphere of generosity and church loyalty.

Some churches find these rules difficult to follow. The Wells director of a canvass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Grand Falls, Nfld., wired Johnston that there could be no Loyalty Dinner because there were no readily available facilities. Johnston shot back a Churchillian order: "The Loyalty Dinner must be held. See to it." It was seen to—with an armory standing in for a church hall and women's organizations from several neighboring

churches pinchhitting as caterers.

At the Barrie Loyalty Dinner the committee was able to go by the book.

Half a dozen canvass chairmen spoke, but none for more than five minutes. Neil MacDonald's talk was typical. He repeated the immediate need for larger Sunday-school accommodation and added: "Our forefathers built this church and made many sacrifices to do so. Since then we have merely used it. Now we are challenged by the needs of the children to make a sacrifice. It isn't a task, it's a privilege. And if we make a sacri-



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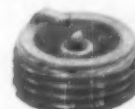
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(Canadian Champagnes have won awards in international competitions)

W-4



ficial pledge—not just a token pledge—our inner satisfaction for having met the challenge will be all the greater."

As an indication of what he meant, the initial pledgers were introduced and their pledges, totalling nearly thirty thousand dollars, announced. Almost a third of the total objective—from just a handful of men—and before the canvass had really got under way! Everyone looked thoughtful. Rev. S. E. Lewis offered a short prayer and they were all home by nine o'clock.

The general canvass began next evening under sixty canvassers, one for each ten families. Each canvasser's prospects were on his own income level. Each canvasser had made his pledge and would tell his prospects what it was.

Charlie Gibson, an automobile dealer's accountant, was a general canvasser who had pledged two hundred and twenty-five dollars. His previous giving was \$32.50 a year. His six prospects had been giving from eight dollars to twenty dollars a year. On each prospect's card was the amount he was expected to pledge—as a guide for the canvasser. These estimates ranged from fifty to seventy-five dollars a year.

Of the six people Gibson called on, two pledged an amount expected of them, two were about twenty percent below the figure and two refused to pledge at all. Of the two, one, he felt, had a sufficient excuse. The other one was written off after all pleas had failed; but all six signed their pledge cards to show that he had called.

Gibson's returns were average for the general canvass. Less than a month after the Wells director had got from Chittick the initial pledge of the Collier Street United congregation, the hundred-thousand-dollar objective had been surpassed by twenty-seven thousand dollars. "The example of early pledgers—the minister's and those at the Loyalty Dinner—was what made the canvass go," Gibson declares.

This exemplary pledge draws most of the critical fire aimed at the Wells Organizations. Gordon Coburn, chairman of the Christian stewardship committee of the Canadian Council of Churches, says, "I feel strongly there are dangers from a commercially motivated method of church fund raising. Emulation is a very dubious motive for Christians, and it is indispensable from the Wells technique. The Wells Organizations says it is essential, but from the Christian viewpoint we are not paced by men."

Rev. Canon H. R. Hunt, general secretary of the Anglican Church of Canada, believes that the Wells Organizations, "supported by intensive research and the judicious use of applied psychology," gives good service for the fees charged. "While certain of the methods used are open to critical examination, and are unacceptable to some people," he continues, "those who have engaged the Wells Organizations have generally expressed warm appreciation of the service and the results. As one clergyman in a northern Ontario town remarked to me, 'We needed a bombshell in our community. Wells Organizations gave us what we needed.'"

Rev. Dr. A. N. Miller, secretary of the stewardship and budget committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, says the Wells Organizations' results so far are "like anything else, good and bad, financially and otherwise. They have raised a good deal of money but their claim of ninety percent success is, I feel sure, a generous estimate." Miller thinks there is a latent ethical danger in the practice of having a minister make a pledge: "I know of a case where a min-

ister told a Wells director that he couldn't possibly make a pledge of seven hundred and fifty dollars asked of him. After some argument the director went to the elders of the church and told them it was up to them to raise the minister's stipend so the canvass could get started." Such methods, Miller says, can make a sham of the minister's announced pledge and leave him guilty of false pretences.

No Wells canvass is undertaken without some or all of these objections being sounded by churchmen. When the (Anglican) Church of St. Philip the Apostle, in Toronto, decided on a Wells canvass a man who had been a tireless worker in the parish for years walked out of the meeting with the words: "Christian charity is a private affair." However, the canvass was made, and the church became better off by eighty-six thousand dollars. When it had conducted its own canvass a few years earlier, thirty thousand dollars was all it could raise.

While the canvass at Collier Street United Church, in Barrie, was under way a close watch of its progress was kept by St. John's United Church, in Elmvale, twenty miles away. St. John's needed more Sunday-school accommodation too, and was thinking about a Wells canvass. But though impressed with the Barrie drive, St. John's leaders thought the Wells fee was too high, and they decided to go it alone. The church launched a campaign, using the power of example in reverse. Mufflers were put on big-money talk, but the gifts of an old-age pensioner who pledged seventy-five cents a week or a stenographer willing to give two dollars a week were announced at the Loyalty Dinner. (St. John's borrowed the name from Wells, and had the catering done by the women of a neighboring church.)

Does giving become a habit?

At the end of a six-week canvass, St. John's one-hundred-and-fifty-five-family congregation had pledged fifty-five thousand dollars for three years. Told of their achievement, Jim Johnston smiled and said, "More power to St. John's, of Elmvale—but they would have done better if they had used us."

When people are told of the large amounts raised by a Wells canvass they often ask, "What happens when the three-year or two-year period is up? How many of the pledgers maintain their high level of giving, and how many taper off?" In Canada it is still too early to say. Most campaigns are for three years, and that is as long as the Canadian organization has been operating. But if American performances are a criterion, giving habits established by a Wells canvass seldom fall below seventy-five percent of the original pledged offerings. Many churches start in on another canvass as soon as the first has run its course. This has already been done in Canada. St. George's Church, in Winnipeg, and Northminster United, in Oshawa, Ont., have had second canvasses and in each case more was pledged than during the first one.

The pro- and anti-Wells factions in Canadian churches make liberal use of Scriptural quotations. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them," cry the antis; "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," say the pros. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," is answered with, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Perhaps the secret of Wells' success is in another familiar saying, not found in the Bible at all—"money talks." ★



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Refreshing

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London Letter

Continued from page 6

Shaw left a shrine . . . to which no pilgrims come

left as a fund to be used in creating a new phonetic English alphabet. The money is still in existence but the English alphabet remains unaltered.

His trustees did, however, decide that his modest house in the country would be kept exactly as it was and would only be rented to an occupier who would, as far as possible, keep it as a shrine. But no one came forward. It is still there—a shrine to which no pilgrims come. The Shavians who contend that he was second only to Shakespeare as a playwright have done nothing about the dwelling place. Only recently someone offered to rent it if he could re-arrange the contents to make the place livable. I understand that his terms have been accepted.

There is an old saying that every child that is born becomes the battlefield of its ancestors. The varying strains of heredity are in conflict from youth to the final curtain. Shaw had the good fortune to be born in what he described as respectable impecuniosity. His father was a feckless character not unlike the father of Charles Dickens. His mother was a singer and a good pianist and there was always music in the house even if the meals were irregular.

He also had the luck to be born in Ireland while it was occupied and governed by the British. Thus there was a double clash because in addition to being the occupying power Britain was also a Protestant country ruling a Catholic community.

The paradox and perhaps the partial tragedy of Ireland is that during the British occupation Ireland produced great men in such numbers that they became rulers of nearly everything except their own country—great soldiers, great statesmen, great authors. It is only since Ireland was made free of the British yoke that no greatness has appeared.

Perhaps that is understandable. Resentment can be a great stimulus to the mind, and rebellion can inflame the soul.

But eventually Shaw's mother brought him to London where they lived in the dull suburbanism of the Fulham Road. Shaw got a job in an office where he had to put stamps on the letters and buy luncheons for the clerks. As an extra self-imposed task he taught Irish songs to the clerks and conducted them with a pen when the boss was out.

In his spare time he wrote, but received nothing but rejection slips. He was unknown and editors either did not read his manuscripts or failed to discover merit in them.

At last a literary friend got him a job on a periodical where he wrote on music. And gradually London became aware of him. In the course of time he became a dramatic critic and sprang to fame as the man who was determined to destroy the theatrical tyranny of Sir Henry Irving. Shaw believed, or pretended to believe, that Irving was so tradition-bound and so powerful that there was no chance for new ideas.

Ellen Terry, that serene empress of beauty, was Irving's leading lady and was much amused by the brash young critic from Ireland. Probably Shaw was in love with her, and he certainly wrote her endless ardent letters, but Ellen Terry was

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If you live to 65 (return of all premiums)	3,816.75
Plus accumulated dividends*	1,505.00
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used to men falling in love with her and was not unduly excited.

Not content with waging war on Irving our young Irishman decided to attack Shakespeare. He declared in print over and over again that the Shakespeare cult was so strong that people's brains were closed to new ideas and undiscovered genius—by which he meant himself.

Then he seized on Ibsen whose newest play was drawing less than a corporal's guard in a tiny West-End theatre. But this was no pretense on Shaw's part. Taking up his pen he wrote in his theatre column:

"Last night at Her Majesty's Theatre The Flag Lieutenant had its two hundredth performance before a capacity audience. And also last night a play by Ibsen was performed to an audience of twenty. But because Ibsen's play was performed it constitutes an ultimate death sentence on The Flag Lieutenant."

Soon Shaw was the outstanding dramatic critic of London. Controversy had carried him to fame. And then one day he threw down his pen and resigned: "I cannot go on cannonading cock-shafters." As a dramatic critic for many years in

London I know exactly what he meant. A critic sees plays that only an idiot would endure.

Shaw was henceforth to be a dramatist in his own right. His fame mounted but controversy kept pace. He was such an exhibitionist that he grew a beard that was to become famous, wore a countryman's clothes in town, joined the socialist party in its salad days, mocked society and ridiculed the smugness of Victorianism.

Yet not even his crank outlook and his love of unpopular causes could hide the

fact that here was a playwright with such a command of language and so profound a knowledge of the theatre that the whole civilized world would feel his impact.

With the mysticism of the Irish he could see the hidden secrets beyond the clouds and sense the shape of things to come. One character of his play, *Man and Superman*, was that new phenomenon in British life—the chauffeur. Yes! The man who understood machines would be the master of the world.

Then there was *Pygmalion*, in which he set out to prove that the difference between a Cockney flower girl in Covent Garden market and the society hostess in her luxurious home was the way in which you treated them. You will remember how in the play he picks up a flower girl, sends her to a professor of phonetics to give her a refined accent and then launches her on London society.

She gets away with it perfectly until, as you all know, a young man asked her at a reception if he could see her home through the park. To which came the immortal reply: "Not bloody likely!"

London was shocked. London was startled. London was delighted. Shaw had become a legend while still alive. Incidentally *Pygmalion* is the terrific Broadway hit of 1956 in a musical version, but under another name. But now we see Shaw moving toward real greatness. His musical training began to take effect on his writing. English is the supreme language of poetry and Shaw, although mocking Shakespeare, knew that the Bard of Avon was the greatest musician of words in all time.

In the trial scene of his play, *St. Joan*, Shaw arranged the actors like an orchestra and cast them according to their voices. I once asked him what he thought of a certain actor and he answered: "If he had two more notes in his voice he would be our greatest star."

My first contact with him came in the very early 1920s when I had joined Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*. My job on the paper was vague and certainly had nothing to do with the theatre.

At that time Shaw was out of fashion. Noel Coward and Ivor Novello were the new idols of the theatre, the hideosity of



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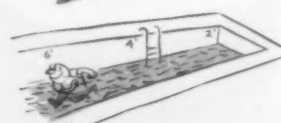
156 M

PETER WHALLEY'S

Silly Saws

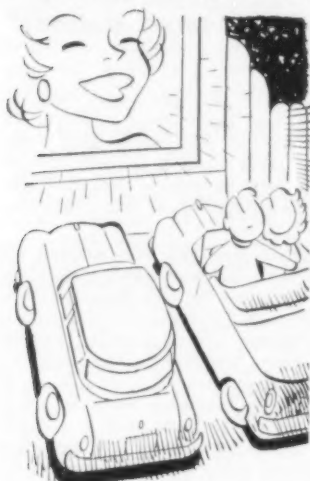
Can you guess the famous saying that is concealed in these drawings? It's as familiar as "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

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the short skirt was about to burst upon us, jazz was in the air. In such a mood Shaw's new play, *Heartbreak House*, produced at the little Court Theatre in Sloane Square, was mocked by the critics.

The story is too long to tell in detail but I telephoned Shaw, whom I had never met, and arranged a special matinee of the play when the critics would come again and debate the play with Shaw on the stage. There were great crowds trying to get in for the matinee but next night the theatre was almost empty and the management went bankrupt.

But Shaw never lessened in his gratitude and friendship toward me. Therefore it was a joy when many years later as editor I could persuade him to write occasional articles for the Express.

So jealous was he of his reputation that he would demand a printer's proof which would come back with endless alterations in his spidery handwriting, plus a demand for a new proof. It, in turn, would come back with more spidery alterations and still another demand for a proof.

But his star was sinking. Tired of the bungling of the socialists, still at war with the Conservatives, rich in money, but wearying of the world, he outlived his time. The death of his wife left him a lone creature, yet from his pen came that brilliant prophetic comedy, *The Apple Cart*, in which he showed America trying to rejoin the British empire.

Today the Anglo-American partnership is the basis of Western civilization, and our queen is loved almost as much in America as in the commonwealth.

And before Shaw died he saw *Heartbreak House* hailed as a triumph. Undoubtedly it was his greatest play and will live as long as men are moved by the witchery, the music and the architecture of words.

Thus, on the centenary of Shaw's birth, my wife and I motored to those rolling hills and wistful villages that fired Shakespeare's genius into flame, and to the assembled pilgrims I made the anniversary speech with such words as were within my command. Then we drank to the memory of the man who tried so hard to destroy his own immortality but failed.

Late that night after reaching home in London I took down from my library shelves the volume of his plays that includes *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Many of you will remember the last few minutes of the play when the wretched young painter who had cheated his way through life is dying in the presence of the interested doctors and the wife whom he treated so badly.

Even in his last moments the artist mocks the doctors. As he sees death beckoning to him he blusters that he has done nothing wrong, that he has fought the good fight and never denied the faith. It is as if he is trying to come to terms with God at the last moment.

Then he feebly folds his hands. Slowly, gently and with the serenity of death almost upon him he utters his secret creed:

"I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen."

If there be some who can read those words unmoved at least they must agree that seldom in the whole literature of the drama has there been such music and rhythm and color in one short speech. Even to write down those words touches the emotions—but think of their impact when spoken on the stage.

Having mocked our tears when he was alive, Shaw now threatens to command them in death. ★



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Backstage in the U. S. campaign continued from page 7

"The Democrats are putting their man through a schedule that would kill any heart patient"

nomination. Few people last fall thought the Ottawa Rough Riders had any chance for the Big Four football title, either. It would have been equally absurd in both cases to suggest that this was a reason to cancel the schedule, or an excuse for mak-

ing only a half-hearted effort to win. Harriman put on a campaign that must have cost hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars. He rented whole floors in two of Chicago's largest, most expensive hotels. In one of the gilded

salons of the Conrad Hilton a half-hour "documentary" film, *The Harriman Story*, ran continuously for twelve to fourteen hours a day, often before audiences of two or three people. Fifty Beautiful Girls Fifty (actually forty-

eight by my personal count, but I'm sure I must have missed a couple) set out each day with straw hats, bright cotton aprons and large milk buckets full of lapel buttons proclaiming, "Harriman Can Win" and "Harriman's The Man."

Nobody took this too seriously. It was one of Harriman's own press agents who suggested that the beautiful dairymaids might be reinforced by a platoon of pregnant women carrying placards announcing "Harriman's The Man." But even though they kept their sense of humor, the Harriman forces fought as hard as if their man had had a real chance of winning, and as if his fellow Democrat Adlai Stevenson were a Republican.

Harriman's personal contribution was a feat of physical endurance for a man of sixty-four: a fortnight of eighteen- to twenty-hour days solidly filled with greeting and speechmaking, canvassing and cajoling. One afternoon he and his wife shook hands with a crowd of the newspapers estimated at five thousand. It took them nearly three hours, but at the end they were still smiling brightly and wringing each hand with the same cordial firmness.

Adlai Stevenson, eight years younger and buoyed up by confidence of victory, had a somewhat easier time at the convention alone, but what was a sprint for Harriman was for Stevenson the first lap of a marathon. Any campaign is a physical ordeal, especially in the United States, but this year the Democrats are putting their man through a schedule deliberately planned to be grueling. They want to point up every possible contrast between a candidate who is fit and a recent convalescent; Stevenson's feats of whistle-stop campaigning must be such as would kill any heart patient.

At the very beginning of the race Stevenson was already grey with fatigue, but he gave no sign of minding it. At two in the morning, after his acceptance speech and a triumphal tour of various celebrations of his supporters, he was still relaxed and urbane, chatting easily with one group after another, calling by name even very young and obscure members of the Stevenson team. And when he left the last victory party it was still not for bed but for another meeting, to lay plans for the morrow and the long weeks ahead. Whatever else it may be, an American election campaign is certainly a proof of stamina.

Is it a proof of anything else? Does it alter or even expound the real political situation in the country or the world?

For the campaign as a whole the answer is probably no, in the United States as in other democracies. But for those truly unique assemblies that are the starting point of every presidential campaign—the national conventions—the answer is yes. In spite of all the hoopla and hullabaloo these gatherings mean a great deal.

The candidate himself was a foregone conclusion in both parties, but the manner of choosing him was not. The Democrats in particular went into their convention beset with unanswered questions, and much depended on what answers came out.

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but who would have the credit of getting it for him. It was a contest of kingmakers, and also a contest between Stevenson himself and each of the kingmakers in turn. Stevenson won.

Unlike Harry S. Truman, whose personal vanity led him to back the wrong horse, the realists in all factions of the Democratic Party had no illusions about who the candidate would be. Their hope was to make Stevenson believe he couldn't win without their support, and to exact some price for it.

Stevenson gave them all a cordial friendly hearing. He did not, as he might have done four years ago, go out of his way to draw attention to his disagreement with anybody, but neither did he promise anybody anything. He knew, just as well as any of his hard-headed visitors, that none of them had anywhere else to go, and that eventually he would get for nothing the support that each was trying hopefully to sell.

Southerners had no choice because the only conceivable alternative was Averell Harriman, and Harriman's whole case against Stevenson was the charge that Stevenson was too "moderate" about such southern bugaboos as civil rights for Negroes. They had already tried the threat of bolting into a minority third party such as Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrats of 1948; all it got them was a grave risk of losing the seniority rights that enable southerners to dominate key committees whenever the Democratic Party organizes congress. Georgia made a defiant gesture against Stevenson by nominating a totally unheard-of congressman named James E. Davis for president, but the Georgians were not being naïve, they were being sarcastic when they touted him with the placard: "The Lord Save Us, With James E. Davis."

But if southern reactionaries had nowhere else to go, neither had northern liberals. Harriman was running on an ultraliberal ticket, but even in his own New York State such liberal leaders as Senator Herbert Lehman were Stevenson men. Not only had Harriman no support in the south, he had virtually no support at all outside New York. The real core of the Harriman faction was not the extreme left wing of the Democratic Party, but Tammany Hall and its soft-spoken, hard-boiled boss Carmine de Sapio.

What was true of the presidential race was also true, but in smaller degree, of the battle over the Democratic Party platform. Most of it, of course, was a melange of empty promises stitched together to please this, that and the other pressure group. But one plank that couldn't escape the most rigorous public scrutiny was the plank on civil rights, which contains the heart of the quarrel between north and south. Republicans could afford to ignore this conflict, since they have no strength in the deep south worth considering, but the Democrats in this crucial respect represent the nation.

Their problem was no mere collision of doctrinaire idealists. Democrats are realists about the election as well as about the convention. They have very little hope that Adlai Stevenson can beat Dwight D. Eisenhower. What they do hope, with good reason, is that Democrats will again elect a majority in both houses of congress.

To do that they must, of course, carry the Solid South. But they must also carry the big industrial cities of the north, where the Negro vote grows stronger by hundreds and thousands every day. The problem was to construct a platform that would win the acquiescence, if not the enthusiasm, of both these contradictory factions.

In spite of the calculated shrieks from liberal ranks, the faction on the defensive was the south, and it was the south that made most of the concessions. Southerners wanted a platform that wouldn't

even mention the Supreme Court decision against segregated schools. The adopted platform not only mentions it, but accepts it as the law of the land. Nothing is omitted except the explicit pledge to enforce the Supreme Court ruling, although that too is clearly implied.

If this represented a victory for the northern liberals it wouldn't mean much—the south has repudiated its own party platform for two elections running, and undoubtedly will do so again. The significant thing at Chicago was that the civil-rights plank was the work of so-

called moderates on both sides. The south, except for such hopeless backwaters as Mississippi and South Carolina, seemed to accept the equality of all citizens as inevitable—a concession that even the Civil War did not exact.

Words are not deeds. Nobody at Chicago was so fatuous as to think that the Democratic convention had achieved a workable compromise in practice of a controversy older than the republic itself. What the convention did show was that the south is fighting a losing battle, and that southerners know it. ★

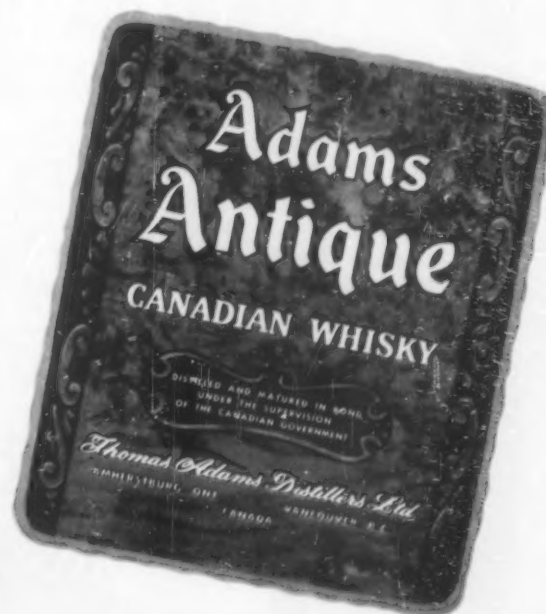


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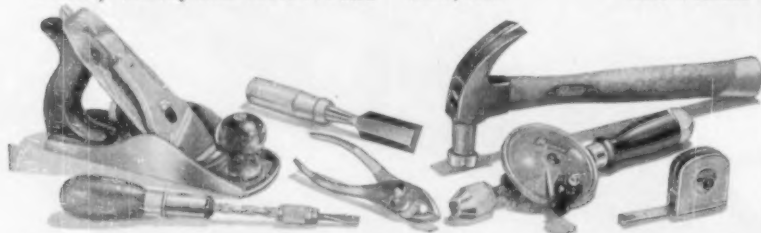
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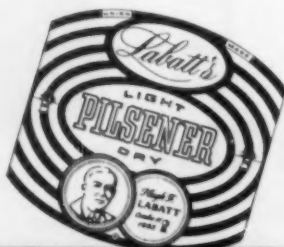


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Mailbag

Can evangelists really help you?

Edmund Carpenter's article, Let's Stop Huckstering Religion (Aug. 18) sounds plausible, but is dangerously glib and misleading . . . Carpenter insists that Norman Vincent Peale "gives no help or hope to the individual wrestling with problems beyond his power to solve." Dr. Peale and Billy Graham both recommend the Christian Gospel as the only lasting solution for all man's problems; Dr. Peale's "techniques" are taken from the Bible. They do not ignore life's troubles but suggest ways by which we can do all that is possible about our troubles.—CLARKE R. LEWIS, REGINA.

● Most of these hucksters masquerading as evangelists consider the Almighty a cosmic bellhop. Press the right prayer button and presto, problems are solved.—WALTER CARTER, CHILLIWACK, B.C.

● In the article there is a reference to Mary Baker Eddy which associates her healing method with that of Lourdes and psychotherapy . . . The mental therapeutics of Christian Science have their foundation in God, divine Mind, and are those taught and practiced by Christ Jesus. Because of this spiritual basis, it will be seen that metaphysical therapeutics, as in Christian Science, are far removed from all systems that operate on a material level.—LESLIE A. TUFTS, TORONTO.

The town that looks back

The article on Niagara (The Town that Wants to Stay Old-fashioned, Aug. 4) seems to have been written from the commanding position of a land speculator's dream house. This town is comfortable, prosperous and beautiful. It looks back, as does a surveyor, to fix the direction of the right road forward.—G. H. WILKES, WESTON, ONT.

Beets to battle cancer

In your interesting discussion on cancer (Where We Stand in the Fight to Conquer Cancer, Aug. 18) you ignore the

of the herbal of Apoleius, written about the fifth century A.D. Beets formed a very important part of the gardens cultivated by monks who followed St. Augustine, 597 A.D. These were valued not only for food production, but as medicinal dispensaries.

Your Dr. C. Chester Stock did not disdain to test onions, garlic and mushrooms, but he forgot the beet.—E. B. WINSBY, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

Some small farmers thrive

Your article on The Desperate Plight of the Small Farmer (Aug. 18) is interesting, but ignores the fact that all inefficient farmers are not on small acreages. Some do not produce as much on five quarters as others produce on three. Result: two quarter sections lost. The lending agencies could do with a stimulant. The Farm Loan Board will not make a loan on land until inspecting it and where land comes up for sale after harvest chances are they will not inspect before freeze-up. With a waiting list it could be the following July before they get around to inspecting. Hence the owner sells to a cash buyer.—EDWIN ROGERS, SEMANS, SASK.

● There is another side to gloom surrounding the position of the Saskatchewan farmer. I was recently an enumer-



ator for the census in a municipality I served for nearly thirty years as secretary. The families operating the land are the same as a decade ago. It has simply been the survival of the fittest . . .

If the financial angle is so desperate, how is it that nearly everyone is able to get a new car every other year, and why are there about 40 buyers for every 25 farms for sale?—C. EVANS SARGENT, EYRE, SASK.

Outmoded divorce laws

W. Kent Power should be congratulated for his article, Throw Out Our Cruel Divorce Law (Aug. 4). If more people knew about the hardship occasioned by outmoded divorce laws, there would be less opposition to change.—IRENE MACKINTOSH, NORMAN, OKLA. ★



healing qualities of the ordinary beet. From ancient times the beet has been used as a remedy for cancer. In her book, Magic Gardens, Rosetta E. Clarkson, noted authority on herbs, quotes to that effect from the Anglo-Saxon translations

IN THE editors' confidence



Writer Peter Newman can't stand quiet; drums and noisy neighbors help him relax.

Noise and Mr. Newman

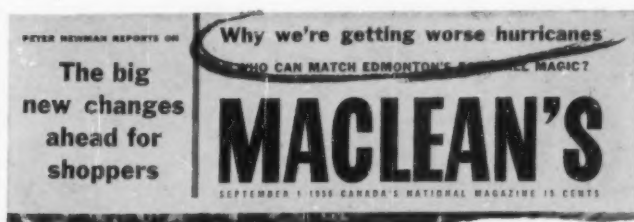
"Is noise making you sick?" our Miss Janice Tyrwhitt asks on page 20. To which our Mr. Peter Newman replies with a resounding "no!" Turns out he's one of those people referred to on page 45 who "grow so used to working in the midst of thundering machinery or hammering typewriters that they can't work in a quiet room."

Newman used to run a drill on the thousand-foot level of a Quebec gold mine. When he began his writing career he found noise helped him concentrate.

They began to fix the road outside his window and the pneumatic drills doubled his production.

So Newman bought a secondhand set of drums: five cymbals, a snare drum, a bass drum, two cowbells and a wood block. "I usually drum five or ten minutes out of every working hour to regain the inspiring sense of relaxation," he tells us. Rest of the time he plays loud jazz music on his double-amplifier system. The neighbors? No complaints. They own noisy motorcycles.

Oops!—we got a bit ahead of ourselves last month



Our September 1 issue (above) advertised an article about hurricanes which, yanked at the last moment to make way for a more topical piece, finally appeared an issue later (below). All we can say is "sorry."



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Parade

It's war between farmers and hunters

Duck hunters are on the wing again and Parade scouts are ready for them with both barrels. The first report comes from Wood Island in the Grand Manan group off southern New Brunswick, where one deadly shot is still trying to live down his big kill. Spotting a duck whirring down the shore to join a flock in the distance, our hero let fly with his first barrel and missed. This so upset him he stumbled as he turned for a second shot, accidentally discharged his gun and brought down the duck.

On the prairies, annual war rages between wheat farmers and hunters who come snooping into their fields without permission to try to bag grain-feeding ducks. The last round we heard about



went to the farmer who, having found "No Shooting" signs did absolutely no good, mounted a row of dummies armed with wooden rifles. Beside each was a sign "No Shooting—Survivors Will Be Persecuted."

We know those enthusiasts will be out in force as usual, however, who each fall practically line the fence marking the boundary of one of the game preserves in Manitoba. Here the geese come beating their way across the flat lands on take-off, and since they don't always reach a safe altitude by the time the fence is reached the boundary is better known locally as the firing line. A visiting shot from Red Deer, Alta., who last year took in this fall festival swears he saw twenty-eight of the great birds leave the water and slowly flap their way toward the fence—while sixty-nine hunters waited breathlessly just beyond the bomb line. As the flock swept overhead well out of normal range there was a fusillade reminiscent of the Falaise break-through of '44. Two birds started to tumble from the flock, and in the profound hush that followed the bombardment a jubilant cry was heard, "Hurray, I got a double!"

We've just heard from a fellow who caught a late holiday over the Labor Day week end at the Lake Huron resort

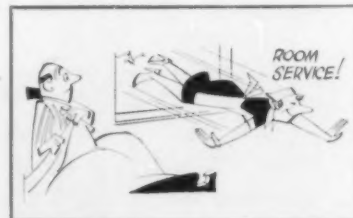
of Southampton, Ont., where his worst fears for modern youth were confirmed. Relaxing by his window overlooking a main street he was startled by the screech of brakes and looked out to see a shiny new car screech to a halt, radio blaring. Out jumped two couples, one pair in bathing suits, and proceeded to rock and roll to the irresistible music—right in the middle of the highway. The thing that worried our spy most was that one pair were at least in their forties.

* * *

A former survey boss, now relaxing in Victoria, has been recalling for us the ingenuity required in the days when he recruited a survey gang for a job north of Edmonton. He hired three inexperienced lads from Lac La Biche, but they didn't like the lonely life at their campsite, a long hike from a railway line which had only one train a week. They insisted on being paid off and a second crisis arose when the boss discovered he had no ink to write their cheques—but then in an inspired moment he thought of dipping his pen into the iodine bottle. Weeks later the rest of the party were returning to civilization on the weekly train when it stopped at Lac La Biche. On the platform were the three ex-surveyors, who had been hopefully meeting every train. Without resentment they showed the survey boss their cheques from which the iodine had faded entirely, leaving them with three blank cheques no bank would accept.

* * *

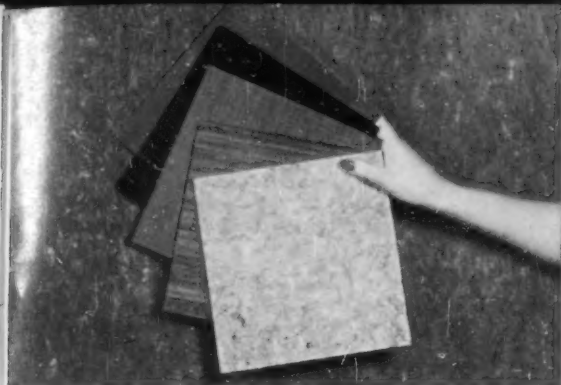
While staying at the Empress Hotel in Victoria a Regina man and his wife received frequent visitations from a friendly sea gull who used to alight on



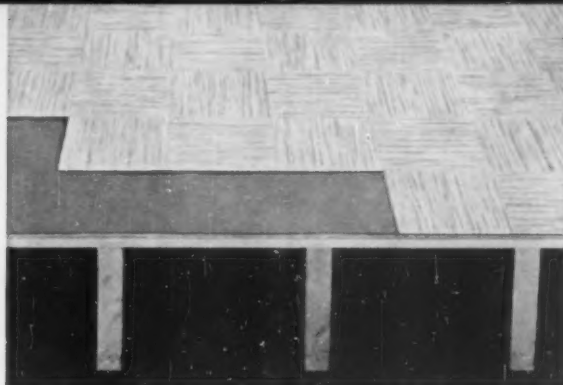
their window sill and beam at them through the open window as cheerily as if he'd been sent by the Chamber of Commerce. Intrigued by these overtures, the visiting businessman asked a couple of housemaids whether "the gulls ever came right into the room."

"Oh no," exclaimed one, properly horrified. "Only to check and make up the room!" Before he could correct her, his wife followed him out of the room declaring, "There's another one on the window sill now." At this both maids looked so aghast the poor fellow just grabbed his wife's arm and hustled her off to the elevator.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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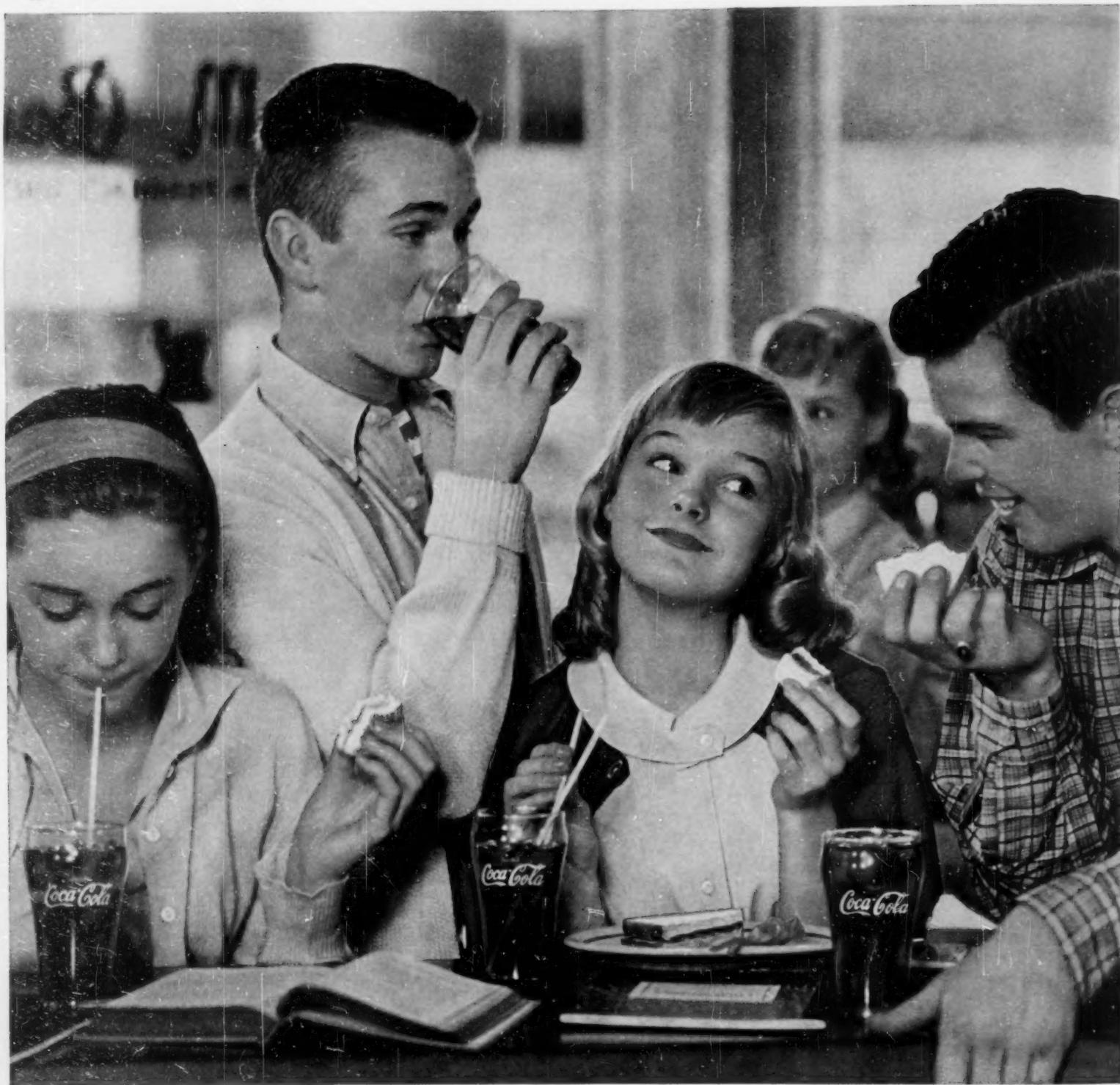
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